

PREACHING ON THE DECK OF A STEAMBOAT.

# STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

A TRUE AND THRILLING NARRATIVE OF ONE WHO  
WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING,

WITH

*INCIDENTS, EXPERIENCES, AND ANECDOTES  
FOR OLD AND YOUNG.*

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BY

REV. EPENETUS OWEN,

*Author of "Things New and Old."*

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NEW EDITION.

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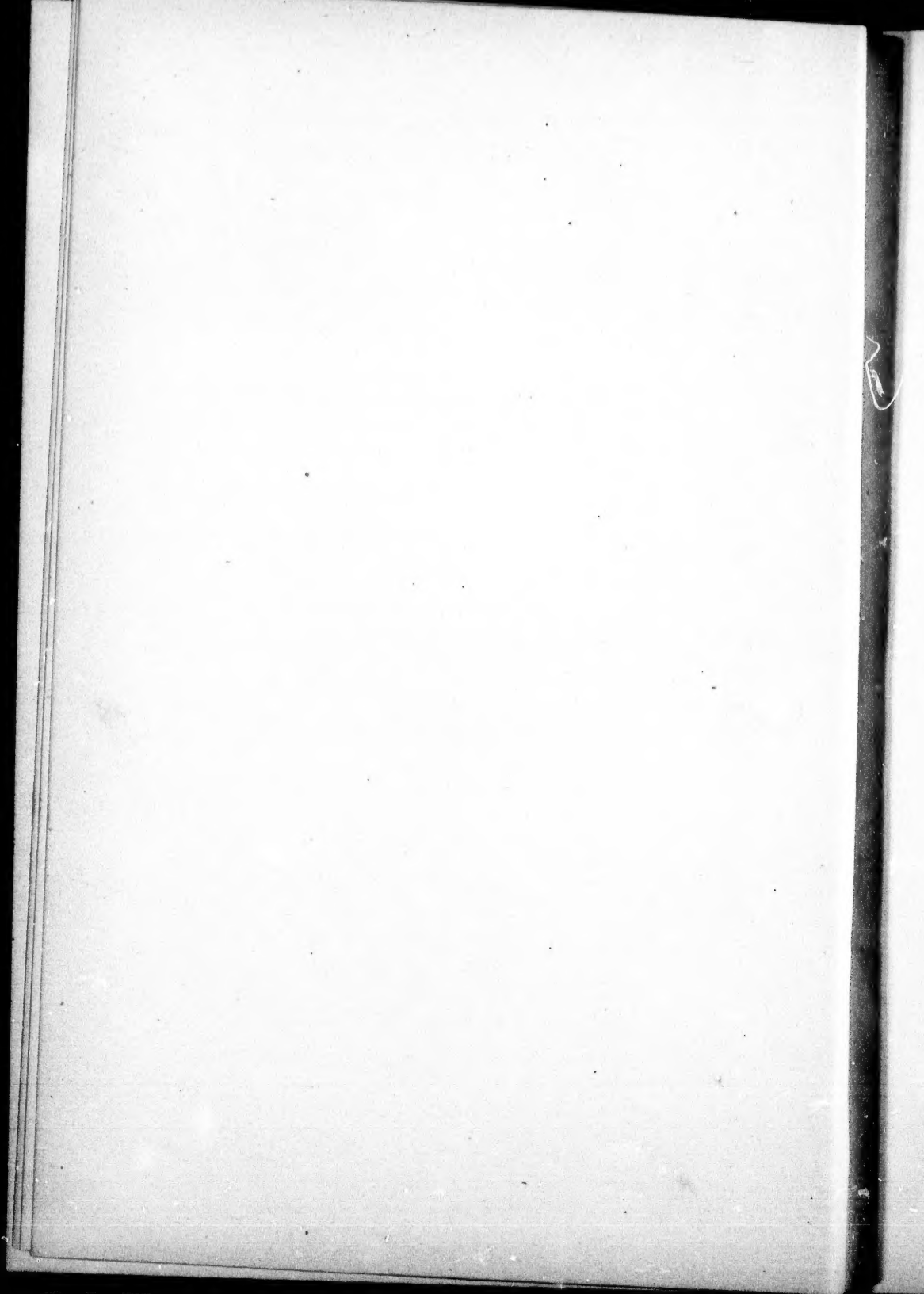
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## NOTE.

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*This book is no fiction.* This is stated because fictitious literature has become so prevalent, as often to render it difficult to determine whether one is perusing truth or falsehood.

AUTHOR.



## STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

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### PLAN FOR EVADING THE JUDGMENT.

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THE subject of this narrative was born in New Milford, Pennsylvania, March 17th, 1815. His early training was not strictly religious, yet his mother gave him pious instruction. His first conceptions of a general judgment were peculiar. During a conversation—partially comprehended—between his mother and a neighbor, he received the impression that those only who were living upon earth at Christ's second coming, would be

judged! He sincerely desired to die, and thus as he supposed, escape the terrible event. Soon after, the following conversation occurred between him and his mother:

*Boy.*—When will that judgment come that you talked about?

*Mother.*—I know not.

*B.*—Do you think it will come while I live?

*M.*—I cannot say, my son; our Lord taught that it would be at a time when we think not, and commanded us to watch and be ready.

The boy retired to the barn, overwhelmed with thoughts of a coming judgment. To *die* was now the only way by which he could hope to shun it. For security, he sincerely desired to die soon, and was tempted to kill himself. But a voice within whispered: "If you die you may live

again, and be judged for the dreadful deed you contemplate."

Hastening to the house, he inquired of his mother, what would become of those who died previous to the coming of Christ?

She assured him they would all be raised from the dead, and be judged according to their works.

His trouble now increased. Such was his distress of mind, that his plays were abandoned, and he lost his relish for food.

While in this frame of mind, meeting a wicked neighbor—who used bad language in his presence, he said: "Mr. H. there is a judgment day coming, and we must all give an account to God for our deeds." "Who told you that?" asked the astonished man. "My mother," was the reply, "and it is true, for the Bible says so." Mr.



H. dropped his head and walked off  
as if the reproof had touched his  
heart.

REQUEST TO BE WHIPPED TO DEATH.

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THIS boy was now full of resolves—which were often expressed to his mother—to so live as to meet the Divine approval in the great day of accounts. Each day was commenced with a purpose to live just right, but when at night the past was reviewed, while others slept, there were sighs and tears for failures.

One night he had such a view of his conduct through the day, as made him fear to sleep, lest he should awake in eternity. Calling his mother to his room, he said, "I am so wicked I cannot sleep." "What have you done?" asked his mother. "Why," said he, "I have done almost every-

thing wrong ; I did not mind you, and was naughty to the children. What shall I do ? I am afraid I shall be lost." His mother advised him to pray, assuring him that if he was really sorry for his faults, and resolved to forsake them, the Lord would forgive him. He prayed, and seemed relieved. Still his eyes refused to slumber. The remembrance of his former broken resolves, made him fear to see a new day, lest it be marked with violated vows. Still restless, he again called to his mother, and said, "*If I am not a better boy tomorrow you may whip me to death.*" These promises were remembered for a time, and great care taken to shun those particular sins, which had given him so much trouble. Still other sins broke out like leprous spots, and tormented him day and night.

One day his attention was attracted by a conversation between his mother and a Methodist class-leader, upon the age at which children become accountable.

The leader expressed a doubt whether they were accountable as early as some supposed. Pointing to this boy who stood near, he said, "I think if that child should die now, he would go to heaven."

"This," said the boy afterwards, "put my heart all in a flutter. I thought if this were true—but I doubted it—I had better go out of the world as soon as possible, as there was so little hope of reformation."

He grew worse and worse, amid desires and strong resolutions to be better. This is the case with all who attempt to mend their lives without seeking a new heart In vain do we

try to pluck good fruit from a bad tree, or draw pure water from an impure fountain.

Right here is where multitudes fatally blunder, when awakened to see their sinfulness before God. They commence immediately to make fruitless efforts to mend their own lives, without seeking Divine help. As well try to regulate an old disordered clock by simply adjusting the hands. The inside work must be set right or the hands cannot be trusted. They may be forced into place, but will not remain there. So of all attempts to lead a new life, without first seeking a new heart. The inside work is wrong. The natural heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. "The carnal (unregenerate) mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be. So

that they that are in the flesh [unregenerate] cannot please God." "Doth a fountain," inquires St. James, "send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Can the fig tree, my brethren, bear olive berries? either a vine figs? So can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh."

But if the natural heart be so diseased by sin, and man has no power to change it, what is to be done? What would you do with such a clock as I have just described? Of course, if worth saving, and you lacked skill, you would put it into the hands of one who knew how to mend it. Act as consistently with your disordered heart and the work is done. Hand it over to Jesus, who understands the whole case. He asks you for it. He knows you can do nothing with it yourself, hence He says: "*Give me thy heart.*"



“Behold I stand at the door, and knock : if *any* man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me.”

Had this boy listened to the earliest calls of the Spirit, it would have saved him much trouble and hazard. But he understood not this plain and only way of salvation. He often listened to the conversation of Christians hoping to learn how to become a Christian himself. At times he retired for secret prayer, but not obtaining immediate relief, like too many others, he became discouraged and ceased. The minister and others, who often conversed freely upon the subject of religion with older persons in his presence, would pass him by unnoticed, or merely put their hands on his head and say, “You must be a good boy.” Thus are children too often treated,

REQUEST TO BE WHIPPED TO DEATH. 17

while adults are conversed with specifically as to *how* they may be saved.

### LEARNING TO SWEAR.

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Swearing was quite common in the neighborhood where he lived. So shocking did this practice appear in the eyes of this boy, that he often reproved his play-fellows for the indulgence, and yet—strange to tell—he soon became a swearer himself. Do you ask how he learned to swear? He did not commence by horrid oaths, but by using idle words; such as “darn it!” “plague on it!” “by gracious!” etc., thus coming nearer and nearer to downright profanity, until his heart became hardened; the oaths of others became less shocking, and he began himself to take the

name of God in vain. Reader, do you use idle words? *Beware!* You know not where such indulgence may lead you. A small block may hold a large log at the top of a hill while at rest, or only just beginning to move, but if allowed to roll a few yards a thousand such blocks must fail to resist its force. So it may be comparatively easy to pause where you are, while a step more may render your case hopeless. Pause at once! If you have not commenced, avoid the first utterance of the kind. The swearer appears mean in the eyes of all. He can hardly respect himself. His practice is a gross sin which admits of no shadow of apology. Men may hope to gain by other vices (though in this they must at last see their mistake), but who can even *hope* to gain by profanity? It has been well said: "The

swearer allows himself to be caught by the devil's bare hook."

His first profane language was used under perplexity in getting cows from pasture. One of the animals kept him running some time to get her through the bars, and at this he swore.

He was alone, but his own language frightened him; he had never intended to go so far; no one could have made him believe, an hour before this, that he would ever have become thus guilty. Though at some distance from any house, it seemed to him that the whole neighborhood must have heard him.

Hastening home, he voluntarily confessed to his mother what he had done, and promised never to repeat it. Poor fellow! He had started in this downward road and could not tell what he would do. Similar trials came and he

soon used similar language. Not being so much shocked as at first, he kept it to himself. Still he resolved never to become a profane swearer.

But by swearing occasionally the dreadful habit was soon formed. This he now strove to conceal from his parents, and when detected, instead of confessing the wrong as formerly, he would apologize for the practice.



**ALARMED BY A RATTLESNAKE.**

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Sabbath breaking was another of his habits, which, like swearing, was contracted by degrees. One Sabbath, when picking raspberries in company with other children, he was suddenly alarmed by the appearance of a large rattlesnake that lay under the bush where he stood. He cried out with fear, ran a suitable distance from the spot, and called a neighbor, who killed the snake. He was heard to thank God for this narrow escape, and to promise to mend his ways. But this pledge, like others, was soon forgotten. He soon learned that it required more than a rattlesnake to produce genuine reformation in his

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ALARMED BY A RATTLESNAKE.



heart and life, though this, among other things, was doubtless intended to lead him to Christ, the only source of help.

Though his heart seemed hourly hardening amid Divine influence, he still had serious hours, and often resolved on reformation. He occasionally seemed serious when in church, and sometimes prayed in secret, but soon found himself sinning as before. One Sabbath while in a prayer meeting, he was so convicted, that he got down on his knees and silently called on God for help. This was observed by his schoolmates, who laughed about it the next day, until he got angry and swore. This was just what they desired. "You are a fine specimen of a Christian," said one of them—"don't you want to kneel in church again next Sunday and pray?" This

so mortified him that he afterwards studiously guarded against all appearance of seriousness.

Religious restraints being thrown off, he plunged deeper into sin than ever.

His growing wickedness grieved his mother, who often reminded him of his promises to be good, and expressed her fears that if he did not reform, Divine judgment would fall upon him. Facts soon proved that her fears were not groundless.

FALL FROM A BUILDING.

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One Sabbath day, having climbed a new building, for some childish sports, he fell to the ground—a distance of about thirty feet. He was taken up and carried to the house, his garments dripping with blood from a severe gash in his head. The wound was at first thought to be mortal. He was otherwise much bruised, so as to be unable to walk for weeks.

This was but one of a succession of similar accidents. So frequent were these, that his parents often spoke of him as their “*unfortunate son*.” Amid all these troubles his heart seemed to harden. When quite young he left home to attend school. Away from



the eye of his mother, he now ventured still deeper into sin. Dancing, and other sinful amusements became his chief delight. He had now imbibed "Universalist" views, which helped him on in the path of death.

Still, whenever he visited the house of God he felt reprov'd, and often resolved to abandon the practice of swearing, and reform in other respects.

Once he became so ashamed of the sin of profanity, that he agreed with a profane associate that whenever one heard the other swear, he should strike him as hard as he could, until the foul practice was broken up. They both received many a hard blow, but were not cured. Finding the habit so deeply rooted, that it could not be pounded out, they finally abandoned the effort.

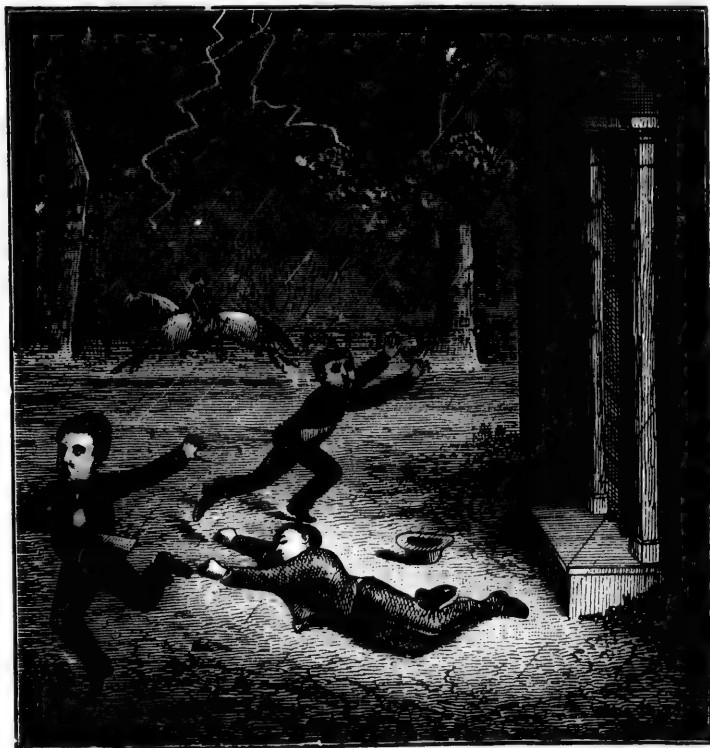
After attending a meeting one Sabbath evening, where the minister dwelt upon the awful sin of profanity, he went home with a fixed purpose to quit the practice forever. Reaching home he found a company of trifling young people. Observing a little seriousness upon his countenance, one said, "I guess that chap has been to a Methodist meeting; see how sober he looks." Others made similar remarks, and to prevent the conclusion that he was really serious, he joined them in merriment, swearing more profanely than usual.

So much for resolves in one's own strength against long-cherished sins. It is vain to try to purify the stream without first cleansing the fountain.

He soon became so much afraid of serious impressions as to almost entirely abandon the house of God,

spending his Sabbaths in wandering about the fields and woods with wicked associates. Thus, step by step, did he move in his downward course, until he could trifle with religious matters.

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STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

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On one occasion, a Christian lady said to him, "I fear, if you do not mend your ways something terrible will come upon you." Straightening up, with a bold face and voice he replied, "*Let it come.*" Soon after this there was a terrific thunder storm. For hours before a cloud was visible distant thunder was distinctly heard. About an hour before sunset the heavens were darkened by a most portentous cloud. The sharp and vivid lightning, followed by successive peals of thunder, jarred the earth as if heaven's entire artillery were in full play at once. Tall forest trees were shivered on all sides; many buildings were



struck, and a number burned to the ground. The storm continued with but little abatement for most of the night, doing great damage, not only in that particular locality, but was far reaching in its destructive march. The storm occurred on the Sabbath day, and this lad, being out on his usual Sabbath excursion, stood in a neighbor's door when the cloud arose. Full of glee, and attempting to amuse the boys who stood around him, among other things, he flippantly said: "Ah, boys, just see how they thunder and lighten up there!" adding a rowdyish and trifling expression not proper to record. Scarcely had the sentence escaped his lips, when an electric shock brought him to the floor. For hours he was helpless and unconscious. There was no appearance of life, and his friends who were present

thought he was dead. All efforts to revive him seemed vain. He was struck down some time before dark and remained unconscious until late in the evening. He finally aroused as from sleep, and made many unsuccessful efforts to speak; at last stammering out: "*What is the matter?*" and expressing great surprise at finding himself at a neighbor's house in the night. The lady of the house replied, "We are all struck by lightning."

Till that moment he had not mistrusted the cause of his trouble. The whole family had felt the shock. Two boys standing near fell to the floor, but soon recovered. One of them sprang to his feet and ran some rods, crying at the top of his voice, "*I'm dead! I'm dead!*" Only the subject of this narrative was badly injured. His pain was excruciating.



Meanwhile, his eldest brother, mounted on the swiftest horse in the neighborhood, was flying through the forest in pursuit of a physician, seven miles distant. This was the severest and most far-reaching thunder storm that the oldest inhabitants had ever witnessed. The rain poured in torrents; but on he rode, leaping logs and dashing through streams, his track made visible only by the rapid gleams of the lightning as it shivered the monarchs of the forest which fell here and there on either side.

About the time the lad was able to converse the doctor arrived. He was an infidel and a great trifler. This youth being of like temperament, they had been in the habit of merry-making whenever they met. Though present circumstances seemed rather unfriendly to such indulgence, it was not

wholly dispensed with. On entering the room, the doctor swore he did not know what to do with the case, as he had never before seen one of the kind ; which was evidently true. But he must, of course, do something.

His first resort was to the lancet. While the blood was flowing freely from the opened vein, the pain wholly ceased, and the doctor and this lad had as merry a time for a few minutes as on former occasions.

To show how a heart, once tender, may be hardened by sin, I give a little of their conversation :

*Dr.*—Well, boy, if you recover from this shock, and I want to rally an army at any time, I'll just have you for a soldier ; for a fellow who can stand lightning like you would never mind a bullet at all.

*Boy.*—I'm your chap, doctor, you

cannot do better ; you see how well I can stand lightning myself, and I've a horse that can outrun it any time. If I had only been on his back this time it would not have overtaken me.

*Dr.*—Well, how the d—— came lightning to hit so spry a fellow as you are, anyway ?

*Boy.*—Why, they gave a fellow no chance. It came percussion-like, or I should have dodged it.

In this strain the conversation went on, until the bleeding was finished and the arm bandaged, when the pain returned severe as ever, which made plenty of business, both for himself and the doctor, without further jesting.

Upon examination, it was found that the electricity had passed through his hat, entering the top, and passing out through the side and brim, leaving

three holes. He felt that this was a loud call, and often feared it might be his last one on this side of the judgment. Still he avoided, as far as possible, all appearance of seriousness even in his severest sufferings.

Soon after recovering, he was invited to a "husking-bee"—a common gathering in that region—where, as usual, he amused the company with mirthful songs and stories. A young man, noted for his moderation, walking slowly up to him, said: "I guess you have forgotten that you were struck with lightning, haven't you?" "I had, indeed," was the reply, "until I saw you moving to'rds me, just now, so much like a streak of lightning. Your very motion was enough, sir, without a word."

This raised a roar of laughter, and the boy was proud to think he had

rolled off the reproof in a fine joke upon one who had dared to reprove him in company. Thus was every serious thing turned into a jest, though—as he has been since heard to say—he often shuddered when alone, to think of his Heaven-daring conduct.

CONVERTED.

---

At the age of nineteen he became an apprentice to a man whose wife was pious, and who gave him much good advice. But his whole mind was occupied with the foolish amusements of the day. A young man with whom he was intimate, was suddenly cut down by death. The youth was greatly alarmed as death approached. He called on almost all visitors to pray for him, often declaring his room was full of devils, waiting to drag his soul down to hell! He faithfully warned his associates to prepare to die while in health, and not put it off till the death hour, as he had done. The funeral sermon was preached from,

“How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?” The minister faithfully warned the youth of his congregation.

As the funeral procession passed the house—where a short time previous, this youth, in company with the deceased, had spent the night at a ball—he resolved to dance no more, to quit all sin, and seek the Lord without delay.

Experience had taught him the folly of attempting reformation in his own strength. He immediately commenced looking to God for help. Having prayed in secret for some days without any perceptible change for the better, he resolved to go to a Methodist prayer meeting, in hope that light might be thrown upon his dark path. He went, but returned unblessed; “feeling all the way”—to use his own

language—"as if the devil was after him." The next Sunday evening, after a desperate effort, he arose and requested prayer. A seat was provided for serious ones, at which he bowed, and prayer was continued for him until midnight. He left the place in sadness, but with a settled purpose to obtain salvation or die in the attempt. About six weeks from this time, hearing of a revival about five miles distant, where some of his associates were seeking religion, he hastened to the spot, praying all the way that some door of hope might there be opened. At the close of the sermon, penitents being invited forward for prayer, he hastened to the seat designated for that purpose, remaining on his knees some time after the congregation had dispersed. He lodged that night with an old minister, who re-



ported the next morning that the lad kept him awake nearly all night with his prayers and groans. The morning came, but no salvation yet. He was now tempted to think the church would doubt his sincerity, as God refused to notice his prayers. He also began to fear that there might be too much excitement in the meetings for him, and that he should not find salvation until he returned home, and sought it more privately! Accordingly he started for home, with a settled purpose, however, to continue seeking until saved or damned.

He had gone but a few rods, when he was met by a young convert, who inquired where he was going. "I am going home," said he, giving his reasons for so doing. "This," said the young disciple, is a trick of the devil, you must go right back, and

stay with me until you are converted.”  
 “I had not,” said the retiring one,  
 “mistrusted that the devil had any  
 hand in this, but if that is the case I  
 will go back. I have followed Satan  
 long enough.”

On reaching the meeting, he entered  
 a love-feast—being the first he had  
 ever attended. Seekers of religion  
 were specially invited to speak.  
 Though he could not tell what God  
 had done for him, as did many of his  
 companions, he resolved to tell what  
 Satan and sin had done, and expressed  
 his purpose to forsake them forever.  
 On taking his seat, his countenance  
 began to light up, while hope nestled  
 in his bosom. Again he arose and ut-  
 tered a few words in a more hopeful  
 tone. His burden was now so re-  
 moved that he was prompted to make  
 the third speech before the meeting

closed, from which his brethren concluded he was clearly converted, though he did not profess religion. The real day had evidently dawned upon him, though the Spirit's witness was not yet clear. At the close of the love-feast he united, on probation, with the church. This was in the spring of 1834.

Among others who were instrumental in promoting the above revival, was a talented colored local preacher called "Black Tim." This man had been the subject of ridicule by this youth, who would strike up what he called a "nigger song," when Timothy was passing in the street; and often say, "If that nigger ever speaks to me about religion I will spit in his face." The second man who spoke to him at the altar was Black Tim! But instead of spitting in his face he was

glad to catch some word from his lips that might lead him to Christ.

Speaking in after years of this event, he said: "God led me to the fountain of life in a way best calculated to humble my proud heart. I had for some time been looking for some bright winged angel from Heaven to help me to the fountain, but instead of that, God sent a negro! The water of life was, however, just as sweet and refreshing as if an archangel had conducted me thither. Indeed, such was the change that came over me, that 'Black Tim,' himself, seemed like an angel. I loved him 'fervently.' I shall never forget his earnest prayer (with his hand on my head) that God would convert the lad, and make him a minister, though it seemed to me he was offering the Lord strange timber for such a purpose." Strange as it

then seemed, Black Tim's prayer was answered, and this young man has been preaching the gospel for nearly forty years, during which time God has blest his labors in leading hundreds of sinners to Christ. Since this work was commenced the writer has been specially requested by an able and useful minister, to state the fact of his (the minister's) conversion through said instrumentality, and of his knowledge of many others thus brought to God, who are now watchmen on Zion's walls. But of this, more will be said in its proper place. The steps by which our new convert reached this position, now claim attention.

Returning from the revival, where he was saved, he purchased a pocket-Bible and a Methodist hymn-book, which he called his "sword and pis-

tol." These, constituting most of his library, were thoroughly read. For some weeks, he was strongly tempted to doubt the genuineness of his conversion. Comparing his experience with those who seemed to be more clearly saved, he was often heard to wish he could feel as they did. Encouraged by older brethren, who knew how to "support the weak," he lived in the discharge of all known duty, constantly looking for clearer light. One evening, on his way home from church, the light came. The witness of the spirit was given clear as the noonday sun. Such was his joy that the entire night was spent in praise to God.

This blessing, however, like the previous light, came in an unlooked-for manner. "I had," said he, "hoped that God would commission angels to

communicate to me the tidings of my acceptance, or do it by some glorious visible display, which I could not doubt. But no angels came, no visible object appeared. But a much more satisfactory thing was done. Instead of sending a messenger God came *Himself*, and spoke to my soul as angels cannot speak. It was the voice of Him who said: 'Let there be light, and there was light.' I now 'read my title clear to a mansion in the skies.'"

**SANCTIFIED.**

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The impression soon became quite general that this youth would preach the Gospel. When his brethren expressed their views to him on this subject, he uniformly disclaimed all idea of preaching, expressing great surprise that any one should think God would call so weak an instrument to so great a work. His want of early education was urged as a sufficient reason for resisting all impressions of the kind. Still he professed an undying desire for the salvation of men, and a purpose to do all in his power to urge them to the cross.

His sincerity in this was apparent in all his movements. The Bible was daily



studied upon his knees, and other books read as opportunity presented. Sin seldom passed unproved in his presence. All plain duties were promptly discharged, both public and private. It was soon apparent to all that he was growing both in grace and gifts. Walking thus in the clear light he soon became deeply impressed with the need of a pure heart, as do all who are soundly converted and "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." A quotation from his own pen, will best describe his feelings.

"I feel the remains of pride, anger, fear of man, and a kindred brood of inbred corruptions rising involuntarily, and often unexpectedly in my heart, and at times threatening to overpower me. Though, by constant watching unto prayer, I am able to prevent

these unhallowed propensities from breaking out in words and actions, it is painful to feel that they are still lurking within. Some say to me: 'This is your warfare. You can only hope to conquer these enemies at death.' Others say, 'The grace of God is sufficient to subdue them at once.' I can see nothing in death to help me, and therefore look to Jesus as my deliverer."

About this time the memoirs of Bramwell, Longden, Carvosso, and others were placed in his hands, which deepened his conviction for purity. The testimony of a devout sister, given in love-feast, greatly encouraged him.

She said, "I have buried all my children—six in number—within a few weeks, and I laid the last one in the coffin with as much composure as I ever laid it in the cradle." She pro-

fessed to enjoy the blessing of perfect love. He left the meeting resolved never to rest short of this high state of grace. His conviction for the blessing was deep. Hours were spent in the woods, with his face literally upon the ground, looking to God for a clean heart. While in this state of mind, hearing of a sister, who enjoyed the blessing, he walked about seven miles to see and converse with her upon the subject. After usual salutations, the following conversation took place :

*Convert.* — “ I have come from D——, on purpose to converse with you on the subject of holiness. Having sought this blessing for some time without success, I thought it might help me to talk with a living witness of this great salvation.”

*Mrs. A.*—(After quite a pause and

evident embarrassment) "I am sorry to say you have come to the wrong place."

*C.*—"I was told that you enjoyed the blessing."

*A.*—"I once enjoyed it, but, amid opposition, ceased to speak of it openly, and thus lost it."

The young man went home sadly disappointed, but subsequently learned that the conversation was not in vain, as it aroused the sister to seek and recover the lost favor.

The following from his journal will best describe his views and feelings at this period of life:

"My feelings became more and more intense. My conviction seemed deeper than when seeking pardon, though very different in nature. Conviction preceding conversion, consisted mainly in a deep sense of guilt

and danger, none of which attended this. I enjoyed a clear evidence of acceptance with God. My conviction consisted in a deep sense of want. A painful consciousness of unlikeness to Christ, attended with an undying desire for purity, and power to labor successfully for the salvation of others.

It was a real "hungering and thirsting after righteousness." One evening while prostrate before God in earnest prayer, the suggestion was clearly made to my mind, as if spoken audibly: "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ!*" I did believe. My faith said the great salvation is mine, for it was provided for *me*. Instantly an indescribable influence came upon me which spread through my entire being, completely removing my sense of want and filling me with unspeakable joy.

My soul and body seemed overwhelmed with a sense of the Divine presence.

The next morning after this change, he and his employer, Mr. D., thus conversed :

*Youth.*—I feel inclined to tell you a little of my experience.

*D.*—I like to hear such experience.

*Y.*—It seems to me I am the happiest being that ever God made. I was so blessed last night that I did not sleep a moment.

*D.*—I guess you enjoy life pretty well, and why not? You have no family cares, nor anything to annoy you.

*Y.*—I perceive you do not understand the source of my joy. The love of God has cast out all slavish fear from my heart. The fear of death and of want is all gone. If it were

the will of God that I should die now, I would not turn round to save my life.

*D.*—You must be a little excited. One so young as you, and enjoying life so well can hardly be willing to die.

*Y.*—Though unable to make you see it, I am happy to know the truth of what I affirm. “*Glory to Jesus.*”

**CALL TO PREACH.**  

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**FIRST EFFORT.**

UNDER this Divine baptism his duty to preach the Gospel became quite clear. Still, he very properly concluded, if this impression is of God, He will continue to produce a corresponding impression on the church. And so it was. Being more and more satisfied that God intended the young man for the ministry, the church soon voted him a license to exhort. Before leaving the church where the license was given, a brother said to him: "You must hold meeting with us next Sabbath." He replied: "I never talked five minutes in succession in public, have not a discourse in the



world, and yet, Providence permitting, I will be there and see what the Lord may help me to do."

The following night was spent in prayer and effort to arrange for the coming Sabbath. He could think of nothing that seemed worth saying. The week passed, and his mind seemed a perfect blank. Sabbath morning, on the way to his appointment, a few thoughts were suggested, in the presentation of which he occupied about ten minutes, closing up under great embarrassment. A brother followed with a warm exhortation, "which"—said the young man—"gave me some relief, as the people were not called out in vain." At the close of service, a brother said to him: "You must plan to give us another discourse; I think your brief talk was just what we needed." "No," he replied—"If

God and the people will forgive me this foolish attempt, I promise never to tax their time and patience again." On returning home, he met the minister who signed his license, when they conversed thus:

*Exhorter.*—I am here to surrender my license ; here is the paper ; I intend never to use it again.

*Minister.*—You have got through with your commission quick. What is the matter ?

*E.*—I never had a commission. I was mistaken, and so were my brethren, in supposing I had a call to the ministry.

*M.*—How have you settled this so quickly ?

*E.*—By making a complete failure in my attempt to exhort at D. God did not help me at all, and I resolved before leaving the place, never to show

myself in public again—would gladly give all I am worth if I could blot from the memory of man the transaction of last Sabbath.

*M.*—You are certainly under the power of temptation. The enemy would drive you from the field. Your Sabbath talk did not appear to others as it did to you. You expect too much to begin with. God will make you creep before you walk.

The minister then related some of his own trials as a public speaker, at which the young exhorter expressed great surprise, and, being strongly urged, said, "I guess I must try it once more."

His next effort proved more satisfactory to himself, and, as others professed to be blessed under it, he was encouraged to persevere.

### CASTING OUT A DEVIL.

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AMONG his first efforts at public speaking he held a meeting at "State Road," near the place of his conversion. An eccentric young man by the name of Dayton F. Reed came out to hear him. He was talented, and knew it, and was there to criticise the young speaker. He was a Universalist, and delighted in debate. The young exhorter dwelt upon the brevity and uncertainty of life, and the necessity of an early preparation for heaven, with a Divine unction that touched young Reed's heart. At the close of the discourse others were invited to speak, especially those who desired salvation. To the surprise of

all, Reed sprang at once to his feet. A blast on Universalism was expected by many, but, to their astonishment, he said (in substance), "I came here for amusement, and to pick the discourse of the speaker, but it has picked me all to pieces. I am a sinner and want religion, and arise to ask the prayers of christians. I may not succeed, but shall do the best I can. I am a very proud, wicked youth. But few know how proud and self-conceited I am. I am full of it. I feel it moving in my heart while I talk. If you can have any faith for such a sinner pray for me." He then fell on his knees and commenced praying for himself. Others prayed earnestly for him. He was encouraged, but not converted.

Some days subsequent he professed to find comfort in God, but

was not clear. Soon, a dense cloud seemed to settle upon him. His mind was wonderfully exercised, and he expressed to the exhorter fears that he might become insane, as his mother had been. Mental alienation increased, until he made several efforts to kill himself. One night he sprang from his bed through a window, staving out a number of lights, and ran for the woods. The neighbors were rallied, and after some hours' search he was found in a state of perfect nudity, with his shirt twisted into a rope and fastened to a small tree, where he was attempting to hang himself.

He was first discovered by Rev. Timothy Coggins, the colored local preacher already referred to. Upon his approach, Reed said to him, "Well, Mr. Devil, I see you have come, and I suppose I must submit." He returned

with Black Tim to the house. He was then confined in a small room where he attempted to starve himself. For three days he utterly refused to take food. Feeling a deep sympathy for Reed and his afflicted friends, this young exhorter, with "Father Davy," (an aged, holy minister), and a brother, E. Mints, resolved to visit him and pray for his recovery. Father Davy declared Reed was possessed of a devil which must be cast out. After hearing this man of God relate several instances where the prayer of faith had ejected evil spirits, they went to the house where young Reed was confined. They had a season of prayer, in which God was powerfully present. Their united faith claimed the divine promise, and all felt sure that help was at hand. While they were praying, Reed climbed up and

looked fiercely at them through an opening over the door of his room. When they arose from prayer, Father Davy said, "Now we must let him out." Though his friends expressed some fears of the result, his door was opened; whereupon he sprang for the window, through which he had once escaped. All three of these brethren seized him and with difficulty prevented a repetition of his exit. Though small and emaciated, he seemed armed with supernatural strength. While making all possible efforts to extricate himself from the grasp of these brethren, he kept crying: "Hold on, Father Davy, hold on!" As he lay stretched across a bed, with his head near the broken window, at which he aimed, Father Davy, holding on to him with one hand, and raising the other over him, said with a loud voice: "*In the*



*name of Jesus Christ, of Nazareth, I command thee to let go thy hold and come out of him !"* Instantly the young man became perfectly quiet, sat up, and asked for food, conversing as rationally as ever.

Food was brought, he ate, went to bed, and rested quietly through the night. Though subsequently strongly tempted, the dreadful snare was broken, and he soon obtained a clear religious experience, commenced preaching the gospel, and was for years a very successful evangelist. The writer can vouch for the above facts, whatever may be thought of the case.

Those who knew the man and his success in demolishing the strongholds of Satan, would hardly wonder that the devil should make a special effort to prevent his entering the ministry. His manner of teaching was much

like Lorenzo Dow. Though early taken from his labor to his reward in heaven, many hundreds were converted through his instrumentality. But to return to the subject of our narrative. The spirit in which he commenced public life may be found in the following extract from his diary :

July 4, 1837.—A day of unutterable peace.

July 8, (Sabbath). — Exhorted twice during the day, and attended a glorious prayer meeting in the evening. Never witnessed such displays of Divine power before. Seven lay prostrate under the power of God. The meeting was dismissed at the usual hour, but many were unable to leave, and others refused to go ; so the meeting continued until three o'clock in the morning. Several were clearly saved.

July 10. — Unspeakably happy. Health poor—must be more regular in my sleep.

July 21.—A day of fasting—my soul is full of Divine love. *Glory to Jesus!*

July 22. — I was never happier than now. All is dedicated to God. *Glory, Glory, Glory to the Lamb* whose blood *now* cleanseth my poor heart.

July 23.— I have “joy unspeakable.” “How happy is the pilgrim’s lot,” is my constant song.

July 26.—Quite feeble. Raised considerable blood from my lungs yesterday, while passing through a piece of woods alone. Was never happier. Felt willing to die alone with Jesus. *Glory to His name!*

When I commenced public speaking I looked for a failure of my brain, but never once thought of trouble

with my lungs. But God can make all work for good.

July 27.—At Major D's, on the Delaware River. Appetite gone. Constant pain in my left side. Sister D. told me this morning, she thought I was not aware of my bodily weakness. She thought my life would be very short. My reply was: "The Lord's will be done. I am very happy in God. It seems to me I shall live to preach the Gospel."

July 29.—Health better. Yesterday while engaged in prayer, my physical frame was sensibly strengthened.

July 30. (Sunday).—Health improving. Tempted, but *trust firm*.

Aug. 2.—Somewhat depressed in spirit. Don't know the cause. Lord show me.

Aug. 9.—In N. M., Pa., preaching Jesus from house to house.

Aug. 11.—Tempted of late to think I had lost the blessing of perfect love, but this morning all is clear. Peace flows like a river.

Nov. 6, 1837.—At Brother R's, Brooklyn, Pa. O! how happy I am. Mine is truly a life of faith on the Son of God. If faithful, it seems to me, God will entirely heal my body. God seems to call me to preach specifically on the doctrine of Holiness.

Nov. 16.—Health improving. *Very happy.* Permitted to see some fruit of my labor.

Nov. 17.—Day of fasting. Happy moments. Truly, "Great peace have they that love thy law."

Nov. 22.—Still happy, but anticipate a storm.

Nov. 23.—The anticipated storm is

upon me. Lord help me to cleave to thee.

Nov. 25.—The cloud breaks. The sky is clear.

Nov. 26.—The happiest Sabbath I ever enjoyed.

**PROTRACTED MEETING ON "SATAN'S PREMISES."**

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DEC. 9, 1837.—He was licensed to preach. Most of his time was spent laboring in destitute fields. In a wicked neighborhood, upon which, it was said, "the Devil had a mortgage," he preached every evening for a week in a private house. One little girl presented herself at a "mourner's seat" for prayer. Fearing Satan's claim might hold the place, he became discouraged and left. The second day after he took his leave, a messenger was dispatched to call him back, who assured him that a revival had commenced as the result of his labor. He hastened back to see what had turned the tide of

battle. He found that a very wicked man by the name of Duel had been used as the instrument. Duel had spent the last Sabbath of the meeting in hunting. Leaving his rifle in the entry, he listened attentively to the sermon, which put (as he afterwards said) "a bullet of truth right through his heart." He spent the night in great distress of mind, and the next day began to look for some one to pray for him. He regretted much that he had allowed the meeting to close without presenting himself as a seeker of salvation ; but it was now too late. There were no praying persons near him. He finally thought of a Mr. Town, living about two miles distant, whom he had heard pray in public in other years, and resolved to go and solicit his prayers. He stated his purpose to his family and a few near



neighbors, requesting them to accompany him and seek salvation, as they were all on the road to hell. Quite a company went with him; being, by this time, alarmed for themselves. Upon their arrival, Duel said to Mr. T., "We are a company of sinners, and have come here to have you pray for us."

Mr. T. seemed thunderstruck; he was completely backslidden, and had not prayed for years. He seated his company, walked into another room, and said to his wife, who was a devout soul, "What shall I do? This Mr. D. has come here with several of his neighbors to get me to pray for them, and you know I have not prayed for years."

She advised him to go in and confess his backsliding, pray for himself and then for his neighbors. He did

so; and God blessed him, and converted a number of the company that evening. The preacher was warmly greeted on his return, and the revival progressed until about thirty souls were saved. A class was formed; a church was soon built, and regular circuit preaching established, which continues until this day. This Mr. T., who was reclaimed through the instrumentality of this great sinner, has never since faltered in his religious life—so far as known. He was greatly instrumental in building the new chapel, and became one of the strongest official members of the church. Thus was this youthful preacher encouraged to toil on among those who were destitute of the Word of Life, and God blessed his labors more and more. About this time, but a few miles from this place, there were six persons

soundly converted to God, and several sanctified in a family prayer-meeting conducted by him.

Many such instances, under his labor as a local preacher, might be named would space permit.

**FIRST CIRCUIT.**

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## REVIVAL IN "HAYING."

IN April, 1838.—Sickness causing a vacancy on the C. circuit, he was called to serve the charge for the balance of the conference year.

He found the church very much divided on account of the trial and expulsion of one of its prominent members. Still, many were saved during his stay of four months among them. His whole time was employed in efforts to save souls.

One day, while on his way to make a pastoral visit at Brother C.'s, he paused to rest, and read several pages of the "Life of Benjamin Abbott." He then fell upon his knees and said:

"O Lord, if it be thy will to display thy power as in Abbott's time, under my labor, let me see a soul saved in the family I am about to visit." He found a large family, five of whom were members of the church. At the hour of evening prayer, he proposed a family prayer-meeting. A glorious baptism of the Spirit came on the household. Before the praying ceased, an unconverted son began to cry aloud for mercy, and was soon gloriously saved. The younger children wept, and promised to give their hearts to God.

His habit was to urge all, with whom he had intercourse, to *immediate* action in religious duty.

During his stay among this people, a Mr. B. was pressed to return immediately from a backslidden state, lest death put him suddenly beyond the

reach of mercy. He yielded. A few days subsequently, while digging a well, a tub of gravel fell and crushed him so that he survived but twelve hours. He died praising God that he had heeded the timely warning and prepared for the solemn event.

When about to leave for conference, being burdened for souls, this young minister said to his congregation: "I must hold meetings in this house every evening this week. I know you are in the midst of haying and harvesting, the evenings are short, and some cannot attend; but do not complain. You are not obliged to come. Nay, I warn you not to come unless you can do it cheerfully." The house was nightly filled; and a number of souls were converted. Though he professed no healing gift, many affirmed that they were healed instantly, in answer to

his prayers. One case only can now be named. On his way to conference, he called on a Brother S., whose wife was very sick and groaning at almost every breath. The family were looking with anxiety for the doctor. It was nearly time for family devotion, and the preacher said to Brother S. "I think God is willing to heal your wife." During the season of prayer her groaning ceased. She rested well through the night. The doctor did not come, but the following day she went about her work, praising God for the cure he had wrought in answer to prayer.

**SHORES HILL REVIVAL.**

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**SISTERS' QUARREL SETTLED.**

ORWELL Circuit, with its eighteen preaching appointments, was his next field of labor. Rev. G. Evens, an old itinerant, was his colleague and had charge of the circuit. The young minister's first sermon was preached on Orwell Hill to a large and intelligent audience, some of whom he knew had been in the habit of severely criticising their young ministers. He preached about fifteen minutes and concluded by saying: "Brief and poor as is this sermon, it is probably a pretty fair specimen of what you will get." Perceiving his embarrassment, and that he possessed some talent com-



bined with real humility, these critics rallied round him with words of encouragement, and, to his surprise, became his warmest friends and supporters. He has often remarked that he never had a barren time in that pulpit afterward.

Much of his time was spent in visiting from house to house and praying with the people. On saying to his colleague "I have visited thirteen families to-day," the old man replied, "If you keep on at this rate, we shall soon have a glorious revival," and so it was. Father G. E., however, labored but little in the revival work, though an able minister. Family cares and other duties connected with the charge occupied his time.

The work first commenced on Shores Hill, where about thirty persons presented themselves for prayer at the

first invitation. They wept aloud, and seemed to pray fervently night after night for a week, and not a soul was converted. The young minister began to think there must be a capital defect in his mode of instruction, or they would be saved. He tried to put the meeting into the hands of a local minister, hoping thus to forward the work. The local brother refused to take the responsibility, but encouraged him to hold on. Soon they began to come out, clear as heaven, and the work went on with power.

In the midst of this revival, a difficulty broke out between two sisters, both of them having families grown up, which were likely to be seriously injured by it. These women were also active members of the church. The minister was greatly surprised and alarmed that such trouble should

occur among church members in the midst of a revival. He called on the parties forthwith for the purpose of effecting a settlement.

The first sister to whom he introduced the matter wept much, declared she was not in fault, and was willing to do all in her power to settle the trouble. "Will you," inquired the preacher, "meet your sister this afternoon and talk the matter over?" "It will do no good," she answered, "my sister will fly into a passion and abuse me, making the matter worse than it now is." "Will you," continued the preacher, "attend the meeting appointed at your sister's this afternoon, and have an interview if she desires it?" To this she agreed. He then hastened to see the other sister, and, after pressing the necessity of an immediate adjustment, inquired

if she would talk the matter over in a Christian spirit and try to settle it. "I would," said she with tears, "but it will do no good to attempt an interview with that sister. In the first place she would consent to no such thing, and if an interview were attempted she would get mad the first thing, and only make a bad matter worse. If you knew that sister as well as I do you would not advise an interview." "I have just seen her," said the preacher, "and she will soon be here on purpose to settle it up." They met, talked and prayed over the matter, kissed each other, and so buried their trouble that the minister heard no more of it during his stay on the circuit. Thus might most church troubles be disposed of, were God's order followed in their adjustment.

The track seemed now clear, and the revival progressed with power. But Satan had reserve forces at hand.

A young man by the name of Lyon (who had just returned from a "down-the-river" trip) came into the congregation full of opposition to the work. He swore that the minister preached all his sermon about him, looking right at him all the time, and declared if he visited his father's house again he would meet with rough treatment. The neighbors advised the preacher to keep away from that furious, unprincipled fellow. "I will take that Lyon by the beard," said the preacher. He called on the family the next day, conversed closely with young Lyon about his soul, and obtained a promise of reformation. Another man declared the preacher was making the people crazy, and if he did not stop

the meetings soon, he would give him a whipping. He commanded his wife (who had just been converted) to quit reading her Bible so much, or he would burn it. One day he snatched it from her, throwing it into the fire. Observing that it did not immediately take fire, he—under the smitings of conscience—snatched it from the flames before it was materially injured. The work of God still went on gloriously, in spite of opposition.

**ACCUSED OF FORTUNE-TELLING.**

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**SOULS SAVED.**

IN one neighborhood, the report went out that he could tell fortunes, and had done this correctly for several of his audience in his last sermon. On his next visit, he found it had become a grave question whether he could really read the hearts of his audience or not, which drew a large congregation in a sparsely settled community. He assured them he could tell their fortunes, and if they would study an old book which he carried they might all tell their own fortunes for eternity.

He referred them to the Bible, pressing the truth upon them with un-

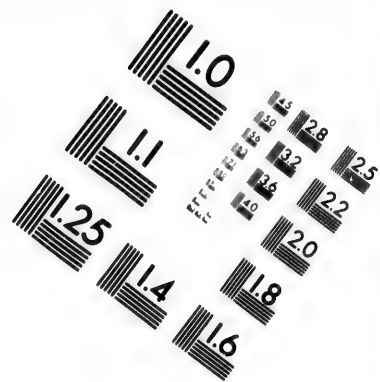
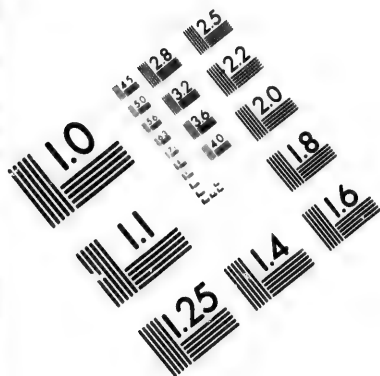
sual force. Several were awakened and remained in class to inquire what they must do to be saved.

A dozen or more were converted within a few days.

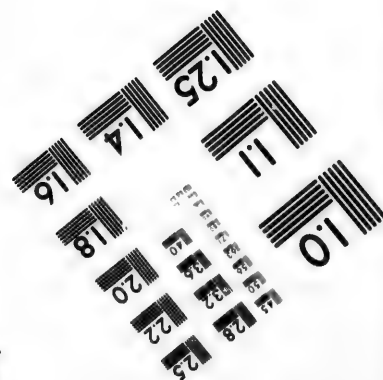
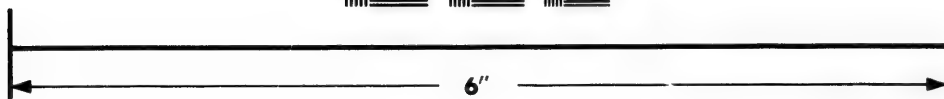
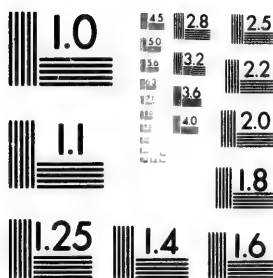
In a neighborhood not far from this, after visiting over a dozen families during the day, with no apparent success, he sat down at night and wept over the hardness of the people. That night he dreamed of visiting a very hardened family, and saw them weep bitterly on account of their sins.

So deeply was his mind impressed with this dream, that he went to see the family before breakfast next morning, and conversed with each member closely. When about leaving, he asked Mrs. H. if she would *now* give her heart to God. She replied, "I will," and burst into a flood of tears. Another lady made the





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same pledge. Encouraged by this, he went to the shop where Mr. H. and brother had by this time gone, and soon secured their pledge to seek salvation without delay. A revival immediately commenced, in which many were converted. Thus did the work go on in different localities, until during the year about one hundred and fifty souls were converted. The following quotations from his diary will best describe the feelings of our young itinerant amid revival work.

Dec. 22, 1838.—Glory to God for all his benefits towards me. I am now permitted to see the desire of my heart in the salvation of souls in C. neighborhood, over which I have wept and prayed much. Penitents are nightly at the altar, and shouts of the saved are heard on every side. My body is weak, but my faith was never

stronger. A doctor told me, a few days since, that I must quit preaching or die soon ! Well, I must die at my post.

Jan. 21, 1839.—No tongue can express my joy in God. My soul was filled with the divine glory at the commencement of the year, and has been expanding and receiving more and more ever since. I never saw more clearly that my preaching is only efficient when God speaks through me ; nor was I ever more sensible than of late, that he does thus speak. But, O, how prone to pause and wonder at the effect produced under the word without a clear view of the real cause. How tempted to take a little glory to myself ! God save me from this sin. A minister remarked to me the other day, that he never had a good time in the pulpit but his spirits sank

proportionately low soon after. I know this is often the case with me, but not always. Is such depression the natural result of getting happy? It does not so appear to me. I believe such sinking of spirits is too often the result of *pride*. Where *all* the glory of our success is given to God our bliss must increase rather than lessen. Lord help me, not only to say "Thine is the glory," but really give Thee *all* the glory of all my success. What a fool one must be to labor for the salvation of others, and himself become a castaway!

### DREAMS.

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THE following extract from his pen, may be interesting to some, though not written with a view of publication:

“I place very little confidence in dreams; can almost always account for them without admitting anything like the supernatural. Still, I have had dreams that have deeply impressed my mind, and have had something to do with shaping my life. One of these was respecting a Rev. D. F. Reed, who was converted under my labors while an exhorter. He was devoted, talented, and eccentric. The church hardly knew how to handle him. Immediately after conversion he com-

menced preaching, much after the style of Lorenzo Dow, refusing to be confined to a regular charge. He was, however, finally persuaded to assist Rev. B. Ellis, on Pike Circuit, and assured me of his purpose to remain there until the close of the conference year. This was about the middle of the year.

“A glorious revival soon commenced under his labors, and all seemed satisfactory. After being on the circuit about a month, and while I was engaged in a revival on Kinyon Hill, about twenty miles from there, I dreamed we met at Standing Stone—an appointment on my charge—where he proposed to help me in a protracted meeting, saying he had quit P. Circuit, being sure it was his duty to travel at large, and as soon as he got through with my meeting, he was going to

New York to preach in the streets. I thought our S. Stone meeting was successful, and he left for New York, as proposed.

"A day or two after the dream, I started for my regular appointment at Standing Stone. Calling at the house of my colleague, his wife met me at the door and asked, 'Have you heard that D. F. R. has slipped the yoke?' Upon receiving a negative answer she continued, 'He has quit the circuit, and will preach at State Road to-night.'"

"I then related my dream, and added, if Brother R. meets me and talks as I dreamed, then dreams must have *some* significance. State Road being but little out of my way, I resolved to take that route, so as to be sure to see Brother R. I called at his uncle's, where they showed me his satchel,



which, they said, was packed to meet me at S. Stone the next day. I hastened to the school-house where he was then delivering a gospel message, at the close of which he said to me : 'I have quit P. Circuit; I must travel at large; am now en route for S. Stone to help you hold a protracted meeting; from which place I shall go to New York to preach in the streets.' We had a successful meeting, and D. F. R. left for New York. The impression on my mind was, that God had probably called him to that work. Having my own mind considerably exercised about evangelizing in the same manner, it struck me that God might give me another dream that would settle my own mind respecting it. Accordingly, I prayed for light from the same quarter on my own case. That same night, after so pray-

ing, I dreamed of picking berries along the highway side, and making tolerable headway. Looking over the fence, I saw very large berries hanging upon high bushes in great abundance. Dissatisfied with my progress, I scaled the high fence, landing amid briers, thorns and logs, and to my utter astonishment, not a single berry could be seen, and it was with the greatest difficulty, and considerable injury, that I made my way back to the road and resumed my work. I awoke with the impression that the route I was then traveling was *my* place to gather fruit!"

To show that this minister was not alone in his opinion of dreams, and to impress upon the reader a lesson of humility, the following is copied from the life of Rev. Wm. Bramwell:

"A Gospel minister of evangelical

principles, whose name, from the circumstances that occurred, it will be necessary to conceal, being much fatigued at the conclusion of the afternoon service, retired to his apartment in order to take a little rest. He had not long reclined upon his couch before he fell asleep, and began to dream. He dreamed that on walking into his garden he entered a bower that had been erected in it, where he sat down to read and meditate. While thus employed he thought he heard some person enter the garden ; and, leaving his bower, immediately hastened toward the spot whence the sound seemed to come, in order to discover who it was that had entered. He had not proceeded far before he discerned a particular friend of his, a gospel minister of considerable talents, who had rendered himself very popu-

lar by his zealous and unwearied exertions in the cause of Christ. On approaching his friend he was surprised to find that his countenance was covered with a gloom, which it had not been accustomed to wear, and that it strongly indicated a violent agitation of mind, apparently arising from conscious remorse. After the usual salutations had passed, his friend asked the relator the time of the day ; to which he replied, 'Twenty-five minutes after four.' On hearing this the stranger said, 'It is only one hour since I died, and now I am damned.' 'Damned! for what?' inquired the dreaming minister. 'It is not,' said he, 'because I have not preached the gospel, neither is it because I have not been rendered useful, for I have now many seals to my ministry, who can bear testimony to the truth as it

is in Jesus, which they have received from my lips ; but it is because I have been accumulating to myself the applause of men more than the honor which cometh from above ; and, verily, I have my reward !' Having uttered these expressions, he hastily disappeared and was seen no more. The minister awaking shortly afterward, with the contents of this dream deeply engraven on his memory, proceeded, overwhelmed with serious reflections, toward his chapel in order to conduct the evening service. On his way thither he was accosted by a friend, who inquired whether he had heard of the severe loss the church had sustained in the death of that able minister. He replied, ' No ;' but, being much affected at this singular intelligence, he inquired of him the day and the time of the day when his de-

parture took place. To this his friend replied: 'This afternoon, at twenty-five minutes after three o'clock.'"

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**TOO NEAR HELL TO SPEND TIME  
WITH.**

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Soon after entering upon his work on Pitston Circuit he thus writes:

"I have been round this circuit three times, and have seen more infidelity than in all my previous life. Surely this must be '*where Satan's seat is!*'"

An incident will serve as a specimen of the many hard cases with whom he met in his first trip round the circuit.

After visiting a wicked family he found his horse feeding in the doorway, and a stranger—who was a little drunk—holding him by the halter. On meeting, they conversed as follows :

*Stranger.*—I thought while you were visiting, your horse better be eating.

*Minister.* — Much obliged. Hope you love God, sir.

*S.*—I don't think much of religion ; I had a brother who professed it, and yet wronged me out of all my property.

*M.*—Do you believe the Bible ?

*S.*—Not all of it. I don't believe in such a hell as you talk about. Wonder where hell is ?

*M.*—Only a little ahead ; you are on the direct road ; keep right on and you can't miss it. Good-by, sir !

*S.—Hold on !* I came out of the field on purpose to talk.

*M.—*You are too near hell to spend time with. I must talk with more hopeful cases.

*S.—*(Greatly in earnest.) *See here :*  
“Perhaps the Bible is true. I often fear it is ; come, just go into my part of the house and see my sick wife. *She* is a Christian !”

The minister paused, and prayed with the family, leaving the man apparently both sober and serious.



### A SKEPTIC AWAKENED.

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His next call was on a Mr. Avery, who resided near his evening appointment. Finding himself in contact with another infidel, they conversed in substance, as follows :

*Minister.*—(After usual salutations.) I find this country quite filled up with infidels. I hope you believe the Bible, sir ?

*Avery.*—I have doubts about it.

*M.*—Do you believe in a God ?

*A.*—Most certainly. All nature teaches that great truth, and a man must be a fool to doubt it.

*M.*—Do you think you have any duties to discharge to God.

*A.*—Certainly.

*M.*—How do you learn your duties to God without a Bible?

*A.*—From God's great book of nature.

*M.*—Please name some duties therein taught.

*A.*—To love God and my neighbor.

*M.*—From what part of God's book of nature do you learn your duty to love him?

*A.*—From various parts.

*M.*—Please give chapter and verse.

*A.*—We should love God because He is good and lovely.

*M.*—How do you prove, without a Bible, that He is good and lovely?

*A.*—He gives us sunshine and showers and fruitful fields which all prove his goodness.

*M.*—He sends blasting and mildew to destroy our crops; earthquakes and pestilence to destroy our property

and our lives ; therefore, according to your own interpretation of his book, God is not good and lovely, but a tyrant !

After further conversation, Avery acknowledged his dissatisfaction with his own theory, and went out to hear the young man preach. The truth touched his heart, and he remained in class after preaching, and arose and requested the prayers of Christians for his salvation.

Notwithstanding the hardness of the moral soil about two hundred were converted during the year.

## **PUBLIC TALK WITH A UNIVERSALIST.**

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DURING a protracted meeting in a Universalist neighborhood, a stranger by the name of Doud, after listening to the testimony of young converts, arose and said: "I am an older man than either of these ministers [a young Baptist preacher was also in the pulpit] and presume I have read the Bible more than either of them; I believe in religion, but not in that hell about which so much has been said. I advise these young ministers to read their Bible more, and they will not preach such stuff. A state of sin, degradation and condemnation is the hottest hell man will ever find."

To this the minister replied: "This

is no place for debate, but since this gentleman has forced upon us his Universalist notions, it becomes my duty to reply. He has rightly said we are young and should study the Bible. We desire all the light we can get, and will ask Mr. D. a few questions, as he is inclined to instruct us.

Below are the questions as proposed and answered :

*Minister.*—Will Mr. D. please tell us if he thinks Jesus Christ visited this world for the purpose of doing a work for man, which man could not do for himself?

*Doud.*—I do.

*M.*—Did he finish the work for which he came?

*D.*—Of course he did; He did not leave it half done as you partialists teach.

*M.*—What was that work?

*D.*—To save the world, of course.

*M.*—The whole world?

*D.*—Yes, sir.

*M.*—What from?

*D.*—Not from an eternal hell, but from a state of sin doubt, degradation, condemnation and fear.

*M.*—Now let us compare the gentleman's statements. In his speech he said man would never find a hotter hell than the state of fear, degradation, doubt and condemnation, in which we now are. In answer to my questions, he says, "Christ came to save us from all this, and *finished his work*; not leaving it half done as we partialists teach!" Why then is he here attempting to do a job that Jesus Christ finished? Let all open their eyes to the light reflected by this most positive contradiction!

But Mr. D. may have light for us

on other points. Before embracing Universalism we want light on John v., 28, 29: "Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." Will the gentleman please reconcile this scripture with his Universalist theory? Tell us, especially, what is here meant by the word "*graves*."

*D.*—That is easily done. It must mean—as in many other parts of the Bible—a state of sin, degradation and condemnation.

*M.*—I will now read the passage as just explained:

"Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in which they that are in a state of sin, degradation and con-

demnation, shall hear his voice and come forth ; they that have done good in this state of sin, to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation !” These sinners, who, according to Mr. D’s teaching, are now enduring the hottest hell there is for man, shall come forth from this condition to this condition—from damnation to damnation—a double damnation from which he shows us no way of escape. I also desire light on Luke xii.—4, 5. “And I say unto you, my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear ; fear him, which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell ; yea, I say unto you, fear him.”



*D.*—What is the meaning of the term hell?

*M.*—That is for you to explain. We are young and want light.

*D.*—I suppose you know the word hell means the grave or place of the dead.

*M.*—Do you think it means the grave in the passage just quoted?

*D.*—I presume it does.

*M.*—I will so read it: “And I say unto you, my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear; fear him which after he hath killed hath power to cast into the *grave*, yea, I say unto you fear the sexton!” Besides this gross inconsistency, Mr. D’s interpretation makes Christ utter a falsehood; for who

does not know that the murderers of the saints had power to bury them?

*\* U.*—Possibly the term hell in this passage refers to the place of departed spirits.

*M.*—Do you think there is any place for departed spirits except heaven, or a state of happiness?

*U.*—No.

*M.*—Then let us see how the passage will read with the second explanation: “And I say unto you my friends be not afraid of them that kill the body and after that have no more that they can do, but rather fear him who, after he hath killed, hath power to cast you into heaven!”

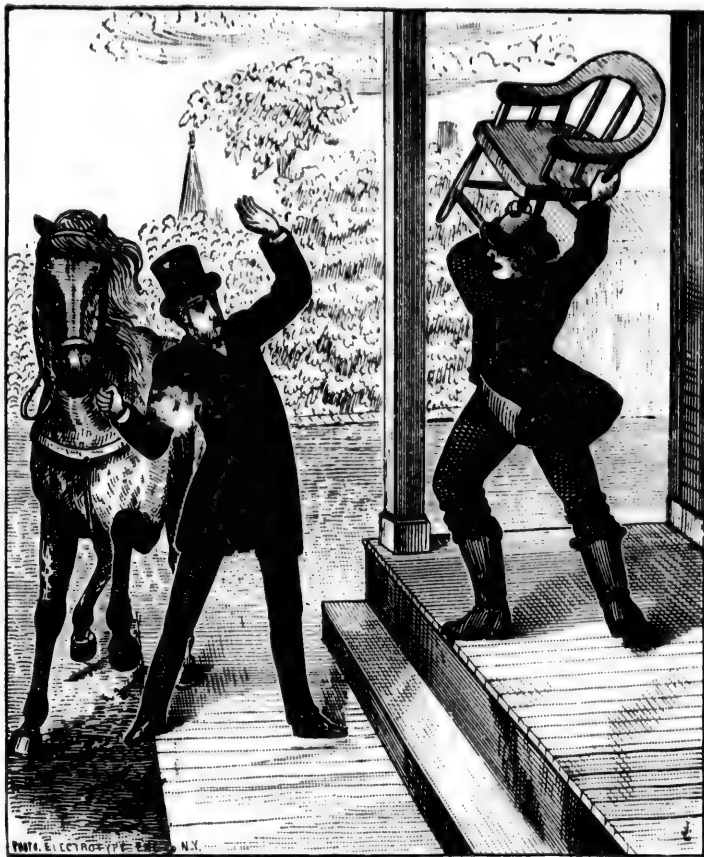
The debate here ended, and the revival went on.

**A CHAIR THROWN AT THE MINISTER.**

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REVIVAL IN BERLIN.

AFTER visiting a hotel in Providence, Pa., and praying with the family, he met two men in earnest conversation near the front door, one of whom attached an oath to nearly every sentence. "Do you know," interrupted the minister, "that God has said he will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain?" At this, the swearer commenced blaspheming the name of Christ, calling the minister a fool for worshiping such a being, swearing that if his reprover did not mind his own business he would smash him with a chair, which he drew up for



A CHAIR THROWN AT THE MINISTER.



the purpose. Finding his threats did not move the minister, he threw the chair, but with less force than his attitude seemed to indicate. Failing to hit his mark, he walked up, and, with an oath, kicked the chair against him. The landlord then stepped to the door, and assured the swearer that he would allow no more such conduct upon his premises. His curses were then turned upon the landlord, and the minister went on his way, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer shame for Christ's sake. He has since been heard to say: "That was the happiest day of my life." It was reported that this infidel was afterward converted.

At his first visit to Berlin, on Honesdale station, two arose for prayer; thus encouraging him to protract the meeting which resulted in a glori-

ous revival. At the commencement there was strong opposition. A Mr. May, whose wife was an active laborer in the meetings, swore she should quit her public exercises, or he would drag her out of the school house. He cursed the minister for holding such meetings, declaring, with an oath, he would go to hell before he would hear him preach. His wife was at her post, and his conviction deepened. After standing about the door for several evenings, he came rushing into the congregation, and, among other seekers, besought God's people to pray for him. His soul was soon set free; since which he has traveled five miles on foot to hear that same preacher, professing to be well-paid for the journey.

### A METHODIST CHURCH OF BAPTIST CONVERTS.

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ABOUT three miles from the Berlin revival, a good work soon commenced among the Baptists. This young preacher was invited by a member of the church, to attend the meeting. To avoid the appearance of proselytizing, he declined. After the protracted effort closed, and an unsuccessful effort had been made to secure the converts to the Baptist church, a committee was sent to again invite him to visit them and form a class. On being assured that they "could be nothing but Methodists" whether he came or not, he consented to go. His text for the occasion was: "I



*ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me ?”*

“I did not,” said he, “come as soon as I was sent for, as did Peter to the house of Cornelius, having reasons for delay which he had not. But being now here present before God, I ask for what intent you have sent for me? If it is for the purpose of making Methodists out of Baptists, you have sent for the wrong man. I never did a job of the kind. But if it is that you may hear words by which you may be saved; I have them on hand.”

He then gave them a salvation sermon, at the close of which those whom God had made Methodists, were invited to unite with the M. E. Church. Fifteen were organized into a class, with which more soon united. A meeting house was soon erected, in

which there has been M. E. preaching ever since.

One reason for this unusual turn of things was, doubtless, the fact that this revival fire had been kindled by the Berlin Methodist meeting.

**A NOISY STAGE-PASSENGER QUIETED.**

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CLOSING his labors on Honesdale Station, being advised by physicians to spend some time on the sea-shore for his health, he resolved to try the experiment on Long Island. Upon entering the stage coach, he found a man warmly engaged in the discussion of politics.

The coach was well filled, and this man led the conversation for miles. When his audience seemed tired of his political harangue, he dropped it and made an attack upon orthodox religion. He said: "It seems strange that people should think that a just God would pardon violators of his law. He believed every offender

must suffer all deserved punishment in this world." This talk aroused the young minister, when the following conversation ensued:

*Minister.*—Do you really think there is no pardon for penitent sinners?

*Passenger.*—Yes.

*M.*—Do you believe the Bible?

*P.*—Certainly.

*M.*—But the Bible says: "Whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins;" and that "God will abundantly pardon."

*P.*—God may pardon the sinner, but not the punishment.

*M.*—But you just said God would nor pardon the *sinner*.

*P.*—I meant the punishment.

*M.*—Please tell me how a *punishment*, abstract from the punished, can be either pardoned or punished?

*P.*—God may pardon sinners, but always inflicts deserved punishment.

*M.*—Strange pardon. Think of one under sentence of death, who obtains a pardon from the Governor, and as he begins to rejoice is assured that the punishment is not pardoned, and he must hang until he is dead! Would my friend like to be pardoned after that fashion? I supposed he believed in universal salvation, but this would be universal damnation.

*P.*—The Bible is full of mystery.

*M.*—Perhaps, after all, you doubt the Bible?

*P.*—I am sure the so-called orthodox view of it cannot be correct, which makes God damn a part of himself. The soul is a part of God and must go to God who gave it.

*M.*—Then God, being cut up into as many parts as there are human

beings, must be much smaller now than he will be when all these parts return! I had always supposed God was changeless and infinitely happy.

*P.*—I have not said God was unhappy, nor do I believe it.

*M.*—Then your doctrine must be false, for who does not know that the whole family of man suffer in mind and body? If every one is a part of God, then just so many parts of God suffer, and he must be the greatest sufferer in the universe.

Here our noisy passenger became quiet, and others led the conversation.

### PREACHING ON THE DECK OF A STEAMBOAT.

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ENROUTE from N. Y. to Patchogue, his heart was so moved with compassion for the crowd of careless passengers on board the steamer, that he applied to the Captain for the privilege of preaching to them. The Captain doubted the expediency of the movement. Feeling that his duty was done, the preacher retired to the cabin. Soon a man ran down the cabin stairs, crying out: "The Captain says you can preach." "What has changed his mind?" asked the preacher. "We are stuck on the sand bar," responded the other, "and must wait an hour for the tide to

come in; so I suppose he does not know what else to do." Preaching was announced to commence on deck in just three minutes. The company listened with marked attention to a plain, pointed sermon, at the close of which several expressed great satisfaction with the novel movement, and some professed to be spiritually profited.

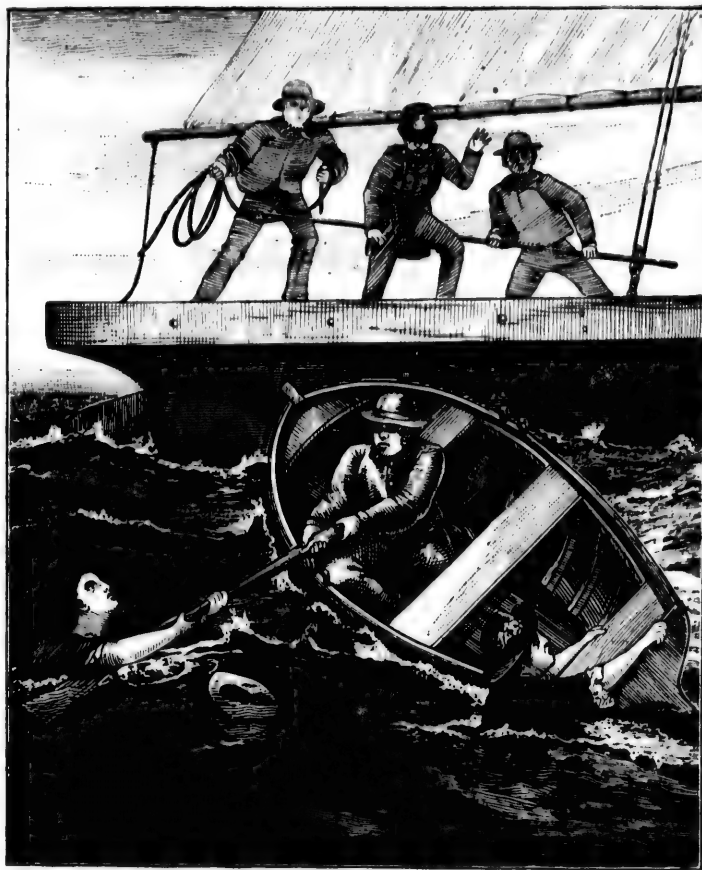


### A PLEASURE TRIP.

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#### TWO OVERBOARD.

WHILE at Patchogue, improving all suitable occasions for short trips on the bay for the improvement of his health, a friend informed him that a newly-painted sloop would make a fifteen mile pleasure trip the next morning, and invited him to go. Being assured that all was right, he accepted the offer. He, however, soon found that his friend's sense of propriety differed widely from his own. The day was fine, and two violins were soon heard on deck, and a dance commenced. Being too far from shore to make his escape, he resolved to make



A PLEASURE TRIP—TWO OVERBOARD.



the best of it. Seating himself as far from the dance as possible, he commenced a review of his conference studies. Several expressed to him a hope that he would enjoy the ride. He thanked them and said, "If agreeable to the company, I would like to preach to them." "I'll see about it," said the leading spirit. After a brief absence, he returned, saying, "They are all willing; but would like the sermon on our return."

On reaching their destination, the water being shallow, they cast anchor some rods from shore, landing the company by small boats. Two young ladies in high glee, jumping into a boat nearly capsized it, throwing them both overboard. The scene was now changed from the wildest glee, to loud cries to God for mercy. The man in charge of the small boat was fright-

ened, and for a few moments, it really seemed that one of the young ladies must be drowned. He, however, soon succeeded in so lifting one from the water as to fix her grasp firmly to one side of the boat, and then hastened to save the other, who by this time had been carried some distance from it by the rapidly retiring tide. After considerable effort to reach the drifting one, he at length extended to her one of the boat oars, which she grasped, and was helped on board. The other was soon relieved from her unpleasant position, though the boat was again nearly capsized by the hurried effort to lift her from the water. Some of those yet on the deck of the sloop wept, some prayed, and others swore at the awkwardness of the man who was trying to save the drowning ones. The company was considerably sober.

ed down, while the preacher had gathered some new material for his sermon.

About sunset, the company were on board for their return. The entire company were soon rallied, and the preacher gave them a brief discourse upon the rapid flight of time and the importance of its improvement. All seemed like a church, until the minister quoted the following lines :

“What is time? I asked an aged man, a man of cares,  
Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs.  
Time is the warp of life, he said, Oh, tell  
The young, the gay, the fair, to weave it well.”

At this, a man—who was a little intoxicated—cried out, “*Time is longitude!*” Failing to arrest attention, he cried aloud: “Preacher, I say time is longitude, isn’t it, sir?” This so displeased the captain and others, that they assured the disturber that he must be quiet or go overboard. The

sermon was completed without further interruption. The preacher then retired to the cabin, where he was visited by several, with whom he conversed freely, some of whom promised reformation. Among them came the "Longitude" man, who was now so sobered down as to ask pardon for his ungentlemanly conduct, and promised to lead a new life. When within six miles of home, a dead calm came on, so that the vessel could not move. Seeing no hope of reaching home that night, they very kindly manned a small boat and took the minister home, a distance of six miles. The sloop came in after sunrise. They were met at the dock by anxious friends, who wished to know if there had not been something wrong in their night raid? They were assured that "all was right; that so far from any

rough conduct, they had both *praying and preaching on board!*"

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#### REVIVAL BY TORCH-LIGHT.

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Soon after his return from Long Island he was taken violently ill, and was, by many, given up to die. But God had more work for him. As soon as able to stand up in the pulpit, he was at his post. With a hard cough and night-sweats, which his physician thought would put him in the grave, he accepted a call to aid Rev. J. B. Benham in a revival, where he preached nearly every evening for three weeks, during which many were saved. His health gradually improved



so that he was soon at work on his own charge at Hanover, Pa.

When about closing a series of successful meetings at Ruggles' school-house, he received a call to labor in a wilderness where the Gospel had never been preached. A Brother Lee had moved into the neighborhood to engage in lumbering. He and his wife enjoyed salvation, and though not burdened with talent or dignity, they soon became wonderfully burdened for souls, and appointed a prayer meeting at their own house. The thing was new, and to their astonishment, the entire community turned out. There were but two to do the praying, which imposed a burden upon Brother and Sister Lee that they had hardly anticipated. Brother Lee read a Scripture lesson, and a hymn was sung, after which

—full of anxiety for present results, and hoping to draw some at once from the muddy pool of sin, who seemed just then to be enclosed in the Gospel net—Brother Lee said, “we will pray again, while all who desire salvation will pray for themselves.” Several bowed before God, and cried aloud for mercy. Another meeting was appointed, and the minister sent for, who preached to them every evening for several weeks, until almost the entire community was converted. “Pitch-pine” was their *whole* dependence for light, which, burning in a fire-place, kept the room well lighted. Not a lamp or candle was used. The nights being dark, each family came supplied with a pine-torch, with which they illuminated the woods on their return, a display well worth observing, especially when the forest was

made vocal with the triumphant songs of new-born pilgrims. One woman came about five miles on foot—torch in hand—to the meetings. Though in feeble health, the preacher's fare was not always the most delicate. Often, after the close of evening service, he traveled several miles on horseback through foot-paths, and often with no path, until the skirts of his overcoat became thoroughly besmeared with pitch from the pine torch which he carried. Not unfrequently his bed in the morning was covered with snow, which had blown through the cracks of his well-ventilated room.

There were several revivals on this circuit, of which our limits will not allow particular notice.

### A FIDDLER SAVED.

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At one appointment a fiddler by the name of Bennett was awakened, and finding his fiddle in the way of his salvation, he committed it to the flames and shouted over the ashes of the idol. This moved the neighborhood, and many more were soon saved. One interesting young lady of a Lutheran family was converted; at which her people were so enraged as to turn her from home. She, however, clung to Christ, who gave her a good home among God's people until her parents were glad to welcome her back.

In his pastoral visits one man ordered him out of his house. "I go at

your bidding," said the minister ;  
"and, in obedience to Christ, shake  
off the dust of my feet as a testimony  
against you." The conduct of this  
man disgusted the people generally,  
who turned out more than ever to  
hear the Gospel preached, and invited  
the minister to their homes.

**A SLANDERER HUMBLLED.**

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THE strongest opposition to Methodism on this H. circuit, arose from members of the Lutheran church. A young man of some prominence, belonging to said church, put in circulation a slanderous report about the minister. He resolved, after prayerful consultation with older ministers, to call the young man to an account; believing that the good of the church, at which the thrust was evidently made, demanded such procedure. On learning what was coming, the slanderer earnestly besought him to pause in his intended prosecution, declaring that he knew the story was false, and that he was very sorry for

what he had done, and would make all possible amends.

His unqualified confession of falsehood was committed to paper, signed by the slanderer, and read in each congregation on the circuit, which put a wonderful quietus upon the opposing element from the above-named order.

**BAR-ROOM DISCUSSION.**

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STOPPING at a hotel on his way from a visit in Conn., he found a warm discussion going on in the bar-room between a Universalist and an Episcopalian upon the subject of future punishment. He soon discovered that the bulk of talent in the debate was in favor of Universalism.

"Do you not, as a church," asked the Universalist, "pray for the salvation of all men?" "Certainly," replied the other. "Do not some of you pray with faith?" continued the Universalist. "I presume so," was the answer. "Does not God promise to answer the prayer of faith?" continued the Universalist. "I presume



so," was the reply. "Then does it not follow that all men must be saved?" inquired the other.

Perceiving that this shrewd sophism was likely to close the discussion, the young stranger asked leave to speak.

After a little jubilee upon the supposed victory over old orthodoxy, he said: "I am inclined to think that truth has not had fair play. Our Universalist friend seems to think that because his opponent admits that Christians pray with faith for the salvation of all men, therefore all men will be eternally saved. In the first place, I think he did not admit that Christians are bound to pray for the unconditional eternal salvation of all men; I could not be guilty of making such a prayer."

"But," interrupted the Universalist, "the Bible commands that 'Prayer

and supplication be made for all men.' ”

*Minister.*—The passage quoted does not say a word about praying for the *eternal* salvation of all, but the Bible does plainly declare that certain characters “shall not inherit the kingdom of God,” and points us to a class of sinners for whom Christians are not required to pray.

*U.*—I know of no such class.

*M.*—(Turning to 1st John, v. 16, he read,) “There is a sin unto death. I do not say that he shall pray for it.” Please reconcile that Scripture with your theory.

*U.*—I do not know what that passage means, but am surprised to hear you say you do not pray for the salvation of all.

*M.*—I did not say so. I said I

never pray for the *unconditional eternal* salvation of all.

*U.*—In what sense do you ask God to save all men?

*M.*—From *immediate*, deserved ruin. It is a great salvation to a sinner to be kept out of hell an hour. It is doubtless in answer to the prayers of pious friends, that many here are in reach of mercy to-night. Besides, you have been saved from so *rapid* a rush hellward as you would have made but for the restraints thrown round you in answer to prayer. And some of you are yet saved from fully “believing a lie, that you might be damned.” All are saved from sinking into eternal despair without the offer of a life-boat. Thus is “God the Saviour of all men,” but is a “special Saviour” only “to them that believe.” How long God will so save, as to keep

you in reach of heaven, I know not. If the devil can persuade you to fully believe the doctrine of Universalism, the time will doubtless soon come, when you will commit the "sin unto death, for which God's people are not to pray." Fearful state!

*U.*—I presume you are a minister.

*M.*—I preach sometimes.

*U.*—Do you think it is right, in preaching funeral sermons, to afflict surviving friends by sending their relatives to hell?

*M.*—I never knew such a case, nor do I believe it in the power of any minister to send people to hell, or preach them out when they get there. But why not dispose of one thing at a time. What about that "sin unto death?" The man confessed that he could not explain it, and the debate ended; and the preacher went out to

the barn to look after his team. One of the company soon followed him, and said earnestly: "See here, stranger, I hope you are not going away. That fellow has commenced his noise again about Universalism, please go back into the bar-room." He went back, and all was silent. Remaining over the Sabbath, he preached to a large congregation in the Court House, where a number of his bar-room audience were assembled.

**SAVED BY EXPULSION FROM THE  
CHURCH.**

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THIS preacher was considered quite strict in the enforcement of discipline. When on Canaan station, after preaching one Sabbath against the sin of Sabbath breaking, a wealthy member of the church (in the class meeting that followed,) warmly attacked the sermon. "I have," said he, "got in my hay and boiled sap on Sunday, and consider it as proper as to milk my cows." The minister explained the difference. Still the brother declared that he should continue the practice. "Then," said the preacher, "I shall see that you are brought to trial." This conversation occurred a

little before haying time. As usual, this brother drew in several loads of hay on the Sabbath. The minister labored with him, and finding he still remained obstinate, took a brother with him and repeated the effort, but to no purpose. The offender was then arraigned and expelled from the church. He had been treated so tenderly during the whole process, that his own wife, as well as his own conscience took sides with the administration. He was so alarmed on finding himself out of the church that on reaching home he commenced family prayer, which for months had been neglected. He soon visited the minister and requested re-admission to the church. After a satisfactory confession to his class he was cheerfully re-admitted.

When this brother was excluded,

one of his sympathizers said: "I guess that minister will learn that his action in this case will lessen his bread and butter."

But the excluded brother doubled both his religious energy and his subscription for the minister's support that same year.



### DANCING WITH THE DEVIL.

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A YOUNG man by the name of Miller, who trifled with everything religious, danced in the street, before the preacher and others, on the way from church, and sang mirthful songs. About eleven o'clock that night his father came to the parsonage and calling the preacher said: "My wicked son is in trouble, and wishes to see you as soon as possible." Hastening to the spot, they found the young man sitting by the fire, with despair depicted upon his countenance. "What is the matter?" inquired the minister. "You know," answered the young man, "how wickedly I acted on my way from church; and

when I came home and retired to rest, the devil came to my bedside, and, reaching out his hand, said: "*Dance with me!*" He insisted that it was real, and was evidently greatly frightened. Prayer was made for him, and, though he was not then converted, he ever after carried a sad countenance, never showing the least appearance of levity.

*Let triflers beware* lest they receive a similar invitation from the pit.

### ANSWERING A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

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BECOMING suddenly ill on his way to a distant appointment, a doctor was called. The following conversation in substance took place during his brief visit :

*Minister.*—I hope, Dr., while looking after the physical wants of your patients you pay some attention to spiritual matters?

*Doctor.*—I have no knowledge of such matters; it is enough for me to look after what I can see. I let the more visionary attend to the invisible.

*M.*—But God himself is invisible; you surely do not think the worship of God a mere visionary matter?

*Dr.*—I have no knowledge of God, and don't believe any man knows any more about him than I do.

*M.*—Do you believe in no power, authority or intelligence above man?

*Dr.*—I see nothing superior to man, and recognize no power or authority above what I see or know to exist.

*M.*—Are you really settled in these views?

*Dr.*—Perfectly.

*M.*—Will you allow me to assume your position and talk to you accordingly?

*Dr.*—Certainly.

*M.*—Well, then, I call you a regular donkey.

*Dr.*—(Evidently excited.) You can call me what you please, but give a reason for such talk.

*M.*—Being a *man*, according to your teaching, there is no authority

superior to my own, and I call you a donkey, and must hold to my position as just and proper until you produce superior authority to set it aside.

The Dr. was evidently quite dissatisfied with his new name, though unable, according to his own theory, to dispute the authority by which it was given.

**RAPS FOR "SPIRIT RAPPINGS."**

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ABOUT the time this preacher began his intinerant work the spirit rappings commenced near Rochester, N. Y., in an obscure family by the name of Fox, the girls acting as mediums. From these female foxes arose the system of modern necromancy, under the sanctimonious name of "Spiritualism."

"There must be something in it," was often repeated in the ears of the minister, to which he replied: "If there is anything in it, the Devil is in it."

During his pastoral charge of Candor Station, years after this fire from the pit broke out near Rochester, a medium visited the place and com-

menced operations at a whisky-tavern, and soon produced great excitement in the community.

To solicitations to visit the hotel and hear from departed friends, the preacher replied: "The friends I care to hear from were not in the habit of visiting grog-shops before death, and if they have since become thus depraved, I do not care to meet them."

As the excitement increased, he was assured by a steward of the church, in whom he had great confidence, that there was something very unaccountable about it, which he had better witness for himself before pronouncing it a "humbug;" adding with emphasis: "I am half inclined to believe in it myself." "Remove it to a suitable place," said the preacher, "and secure me a fair chance to investigate the thing, and I may take

your advice." Accordingly, a committee of two met him the next morning (the aforesaid steward being one of them) with strong assurances that he should have a fair chance for investigating the concern that afternoon at a private house. The room was well filled with people. In the centre stood a large table, by which sat a girl of about twenty, said to be the medium. .

The minister seated himself near the table with paper and pencil in hand, prepared to record any communications from whatever source they might come. Spirits were requested to rap on the table if present. All was silent for more than half an hour. The stern attitude of the preacher had evidently so disturbed the medium's nerves, that it was difficult to produce the usual raps. To



avoid a silent sitting he put up his writing apparatus and commenced playing with a little child, after which, raps were soon heard.

The preacher requested the medium to ask questions that he would suggest. She said he must ask his own questions, which he reluctantly did, as he admitted the presence of no disembodied spirits. After proposing a number of mental questions, which, it was said, the spirits could answer, and receiving no response, he proposed them audibly, but still received no reply. He then held up a sealed letter, and, laying it on the table, said: "If there are disembodied spirits here, they can convince us of their presence by revealing to this company the contents of that letter. When the contents are given, any one may open it and see if correctly

done." They waited, but no answer came. The medium said: "The spirits will not always notice such test questions." "I now ask the spirit" (said the preacher), "or whatever it was that rapped on that table, to tell us why it refuses to answer my questions?" Raps were then heard. "The spirit calls for the alphabet," said the medium. Then one repeated the alphabet, and another put down the letters at which the spirit rapped. The recital ran thus: "a-b-c-d-e-f-g-h-i *rap*." The letter i, was then put down. Again the alphabet was repeated in the same way until s was pronounced and another rap followed. The same process was continued until the medium signified that the communication was on paper. It stood thus: "i-s-b-u-r-r-r-i-g-h-t." No one being able to tell what it signified,

a Mr. H—(who seemed always on hand to help the spirits) divided it thus: "Is Burr right?" While all wondered what it meant, another call was made for the alphabet, and the same tedious process gave us "l-e-c-t-u-r-e." Not yet understanding it, the third call was made, and "c-o-n-f-e-r-e-n-c-e" was added. We then had: "i-s-b-u-r-r-i-g-h-t-l-e-c-t-u-r-e-c-o-n-f-e-r-e-n-c-e," which being interpreted read: "Is Burr right? lecture conference." Mr. H—(the spirit's helper) then said: "Perhaps the spirit means to say that one of this company heard Burr lecture at the conference, if so, please rap twice on the table. Two raps came. "Who heard Mr. Burr lecture?" continued Mr. H. The preacher's name was then rapped out. "Did you attend Burr's lecture?" asked Mr. H. "I

did," said the preacher, "and I know how a knowledge of the fact came to this circle; and as the spirit seems to have been present at those lectures and is inclined to talk about them, will it please rap the number of lectures delivered on that occasion?" Two raps were indistinctly heard. "If the spirit meant to say only two, please repeat the raps," said the preacher. No repetition. He then asked the spirit to tell how many ministers attended those lectures, in what building they were delivered, etc., to which no answers could be obtained. Many more questions were proposed to which either no reply could be obtained, or where attempts were made to answer, the responses were either too indefinite to be understood, or entirely incorrect. Discovering that the spirits preferred

to talk of things in the unseen world he asked in a subdued tone : " Have I a mother in the spirit world ? If so, let the spirit rap twice on the table ? " Two raps were distinctly heard. The preacher's mother lived many years after that. Many other false statements were drawn out in the same manner.

The minister finally said : " The so-called spirits have told a number of lies, which I am prepared to prove. " " The spirits have never lied since they have been with me, " interrupted the medium. " I presume not, " said the preacher, " for there have been no disembodied spirits with you. You know, as do all attentive observers, that there has not been a single rap on that table except when your hand or foot touched it, and I

defy you to sit a foot from it and secure a rap of the kind."

The medium at once left the table, and after talking with her mother, accused the minister of ungentlemanly conduct, saying: "We did not come here to be imposed upon." "The preacher replied: "I came here to expose imposition, and I appeal to the committee, who urged my attendance against my wishes, to say if my examination has not been properly conducted."

These gentlemen signified their approval of the preacher's action, which cooled off the medium, who remarked that—"The minister, though hard to convince, would no doubt yet become a strong advocate of the cause." To which he replied: "It might help the preacher's faith to have those little raps produced without the

medium's help." Not a rap could be obtained. The preacher continued: "If I am in the way of the spirits, and they will say so, I will retire." No reply. He added, "If any one thinks the spirits will operate better in my absence, I will leave." Brother W. (the said steward) whispered: "Don't go an inch; it is all humbug; see how mad they are." Another whispered, saying: "As some are anxious to converse with the spirits, and the medium declares she will not act in your presence, perhaps you had better go." He then left, stating that he did so by request, as the medium refused to act in his presence.

Brother W. and wife (who were now prepared to report) stayed to see the end. The medium resumed her seat and the rapping went on freely. While seated at the tea-table in the

evening, one end of the table was suddenly moved. "What does the spirit want?" was the inquiry. The usual raps answered: "It wishes to have a blessing asked." A blessing was craved, and the eating resumed. Soon the other end of the table moved, which was attributed to a spirit (the medium evidently thought her mother did it), when Mrs. W. said, "*I moved the table this time myself.*" "Now," said her husband, "let the spirit move that lamp on the table, where we can all see it done, and I will believe." "The spirit has moved enough" said the medium's mother spiritedly; "if you do not believe now, you would not believe anything." Thus ended the spirit movements for the evening.

But this Mrs. W., who was not easily outdone, soon contrived to produce raps which even astonished



the medium, and led many to say that Mrs. W. had become a medium herself. After awakening considerable surprise by these mysterious raps she showed how they were produced.

The medium soon left for her home in Binghamton, at which place this minister was soon after appointed as pastor. As far as known her Candor performance ended her career as a spirit rapper. Honesdale was this preacher's next station (it being his second appointment to that place) which had become a rallying point for spirit circles. It was the spot where Rev. C. H. Harvey (then pastor of the M. E. Church) embraced spiritualism, and was expelled from the conference therefor. A leading member of his church, by the name of West, with a number more, had left

the church, and became wild in their advocacy of spiritualism.

Soon after this preacher commenced his pastoral work (and while spirit circles were in full blast) a family by the name of Smith, residing a few miles distant, claimed to have received a communication from the spirits to the effect that they would be henceforth exempt from sickness, and would all live to witness Christ's second advent. The family were evidently much elated with their future prospects, to which Smith referred with evident satisfaction at one of their meetings. Returning from said meeting, he found one of his children very sick, and, in a few hours it was a corpse. Another child was taken violently ill and died soon after burying the first. Their last child was soon in its grave. The father was then

taken ill and soon died in the greatest mental agony. His wife was next seized, and came near death's door, but confessed her error and recovered. The spiritualists of the place were so shocked as to renounce the system, and (for a long time at least) feared to have anything to do with it whatever. The Honesdale circles were completely disbanded, and several of the deluded ones sought re-admission to the church they had left, saying: "We have been led by the devil long enough." Mr. West made his recantation through the Honesdale newspaper.

**SHORT DEBATE WITH A RESTORATIONIST.**

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WHEN pastor of Honesdale Church, finding some of his members a little moved by a "wind of doctrine" raised by a Unitarian minister named Hawk, he stepped into one of their meetings to watch the effect upon his flock. Rev. Hawk preached that evening mainly on Christian union—which, with him, meant union with everything that bore a religious name—and gave a practical illustration of his views by inviting a Universalist minister, whose name was Brown, to follow him with remarks. B's talk harmonized quite well with the sermon, especially with the union part of

it. He thought the prejudice among so-called orthodox churches ran entirely too high. He referred, as an illustration, to some public utterance of the Methodist minister, and turning to him asked: "Did you not say in your sermon at Canaan that if Universalists were moral at all, it was to keep up the credit of their society?" "I said such *might* be the motive," answered the preacher. "Did you not," continued the speaker, "tell your congregation that the fear of endless punishment was the strongest motive that could be presented to the sinner's mind, to induce obedience to God?" "Please finish your speech," was the reply. "and then if permitted, I will tell the people what I said." Brown then proceeded to enlarge upon love, as the true motive to obedience, and insisted that men's fears should

not be appealed to, as fear was a degrading motive. He did not believe in exciting people by such references to the rod.

At the close of his talk, which was somewhat extended, the minister, upon whom his rude attack had been made, arose and asked permission to speak ; which, being granted, he said : "As an attack has been publicly made upon my sermon preached in Canaan, about which this congregation know nothing, and are not likely to, unless I tell them, it seems my duty to briefly answer Rev. Mr. B. It is late in the evening, and should any desire to leave they can do so." No one left, and he proceeded : "I did not say, in the sermon referred to, that all, or even any, Universalists were moral for the *sole* purpose of keeping up their credit as a church ; but I did

say, that people might do much, that in itself would be right, without possessing real piety. That motive determines the character of action. That one man might be kind to his neighbor in obedience to God, because he loved God and his neighbor; and another might do the same thing to keep up his credit in community, or to secure the good graces of those upon whom his benefactions were bestowed. Hence it was unsafe to conclude that Universalists must be right, as a denomination, because some of them were outwardly moral, as the same might be true of deists.

“Though I did not say that the fear of endless punishment was the strongest motive to obedience, I did say it was among the strongest, and I here repeat it. What stronger motive to stop sinning can be placed

before the mind than to know that persistence in rebellion must put the rebel in an endless hell? But if, as Mr. B. tells us, love *alone* is to be appealed to, then why does the Bible appeal so strongly and so constantly to men's fears?

"Hear it—'Ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?' 'Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.' 'Upon the wicked he will rain snares, and fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest.' 'There shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth;' to which a volume of like threatenings might be added. Surely God must know, that if one-half of his threatenings are believed they must move men's fears tremendously, however 'degrading' the motive may seem to Mr. B. Of course love is the grand motive that moves the Chris-



tian, but the 'carnal mind' being 'enmity to God,' must be met and moved until converted more or less by fear of sin's results. When one has seen his danger and fled to Christ for pardon, and feels 'the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him,' he obeys God because he loves him.

"If Mr. B.'s views are correct, we need a new Bible as well as a new code of civil laws, as both have severe penalties and appeal strongly to men's fears. I would suggest the nomination of Mr. B. to our coming Congress by those who favor his theory, as but few men can be found who could be induced to make laws without penalties."

Here Mr. B. seizing the skirt of the speaker's coat gave it a jerk, saying, "*Stop, stop, or I must reply to you.*"

The speaker replied : " If those having charge of this meeting say stop, I will do so, if not I shall go on, sir."

" *Go on, go on,*" rang out from all parts of the house.

On closing, Mr. B. arose and attempted to speak, when the congregation rushed for the door and he was compelled to desist.

Mr. B., however, subsequently replied ; stating, among other things, that—" If men's fears should be appealed to as a means of reform, the same motive should be urged after conversion as before, as that which makes men good must be the best thing to keep them so."

The argument was thus answered :  
 " Mr. B. admits that there may be a limited hell after death, for those who die in sin. That where ~~the~~ Gospel, with all its melting and loving appeals

(even from the lips of Universalist preachers), fails to produce reformation, the last resort will be to put them into hell in another world. Mr. B. does not know how long it will be, but is sure it will burn long enough and hot enough to refine and fit these rebels up for Heaven. Now, as 'That which makes men good must be the best thing to keep them so' (and God will use the best means), this hell must be continued forever and ever, as a means of keeping these hell-reformed rebels good! An eternal hell then, according to Mr. B.'s own showing, must be an absolute necessity. But even if such purgatory could be finally dispensed with, its very existence, as a last resort to save rebels, completely annihilates Mr. B.'s *loving* theory of reform, and proves, not only that the *fear* of hell,

but even *hell itself*, is necessary to bring some men to salvation."

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**"OPEN REBUKE."**

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STRANGE as it may seem, there came a time in this preacher's history when his ardent love for God and souls suffered some abatement. Still maintaining a blameless outward deportment and earnest pulpit exercises, attended with some success, his spiritual loss, for a while, escaped detection. Having gradually imbibed the common sentiment that almost any one, with a good share of piety, could promote revivals, but that it required a superior mind to "sermon-

ize," he became less zealous for souls, and more anxious about his pulpit preparations.

Thus do multitudes, like the Laodicean church, imagine they are "rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing," long after the subtle demon—pride—has severed the vital connection between them and Christ, in whose sight they are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked."

Though not so far fallen as was the church referred to, he found, as light broke on him anew, that compared with his former attainments, he was really "poor, blind and naked."

During his heart wanderings, the Spirit's light had often flashed athwart his path, producing doubts as to the soundness of his present experience; but these were soon disposed of as

mere temptations, and he moved on as before, content with a round of religious ceremonies without the fruit that once attended them.

In the year 1853, while pastor of the M. E. Church at Candor, N. Y., a train of Providences brought him to "himself." At a camp-meeting, in which he took part, many sinners upon his own charge were awakened, and he felt impressed to pursue the work by a series of meetings. One evening, on the way to a school-house appointment in the heart of his society, he promised God if a soul was saved that evening, it should be regarded as a signal to protract the meeting. At the close of the sermon, a young girl of ordinary appearance, presented herself for prayer, and professed to find peace with God. Failing to discern the required sign in the move-

ment of this unpretending girl (who, however, became a useful minister's wife) and having a strong preference for other work just then, he concluded to wait and see what his next regular meeting might develop.

He left home to conduct a church trial, which the presiding elder had committed to his charge ; and, on his return, learned that a Wesleyan minister was holding a protracted meeting in the school-house he had just left, and was having a good revival. He now saw clearly that God had given him the first opportunity to gather souls among his own people, from which nothing but his spiritual blindness could have excluded him. He said : " I am backslidden in heart, and richly deserve this chastisement."

He attended the meetings, but found, while the members of his

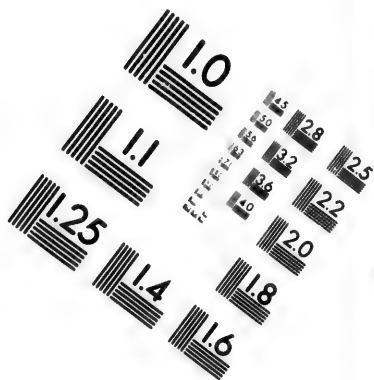
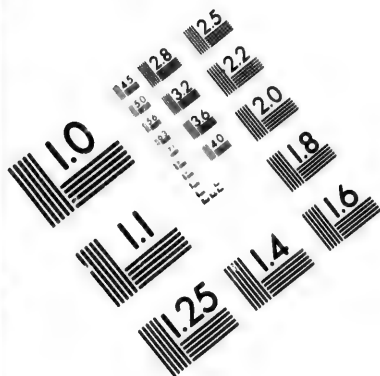
church were welcomed as laborers, he was regarded rather as an intruder, and only used just enough to avoid discourteous appearances.

While looking on, he had time for retrospection, and his life was carefully reviewed.

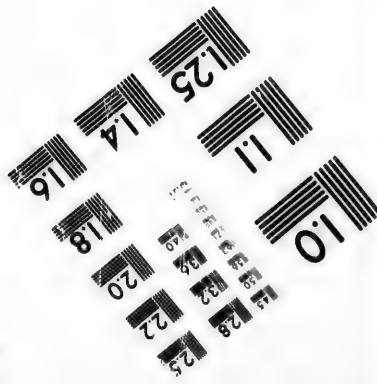
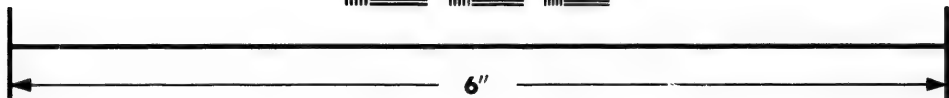
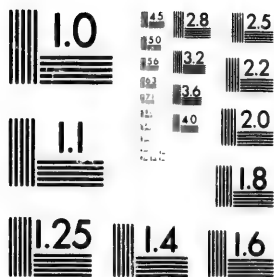
“I feel,” said he, “some as I used to in childhood, when on showing unwillingness to do work assigned me, my father would command me to be seated, look on and see my brother do it.”

Thus has my Heavenly Father seated me, to look on and see a brother of another denomination do work which I was too proud to perform. What a mistake! — which must rob my crown of many stars, if I am so fortunate as to wear one. I have waited for God to humble me, and he has done it in a way I





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least expected. How much better for me to have "humbled *myself* timely under His mighty hand. Though late, I now do this, pledging uncompromising fidelity to all his claims. How clearly I now see that there is nothing unimportant in God's requirements, and that my duty and interest are inseparable. I promise thee, O Lord, never again to undervalue a soul for whom thy blood was shed. I will henceforth run at thy bidding, and thank thee for a chance to do any work in any part of thy vineyard."

As soon as fully humbled and fitted for his work, the Lord put it into his hands.

AN "UNSPEAKABLE" BLESSING.

---

THE following quotation from his pen shows his state of mind at the time referred to :

"My bliss is beyond description. Its depth, length, breadth and height are immeasurable.

"Some of my late experience has been entirely new to me. At one time my mind was for days held to a glorious view of God, from which I could no more turn away my gaze than I could move a continent. How clearly did the Divine finger appear in the management of everything great and small that concerned me. My entire being trembled under the glorious pressure of Divinity (for I know not

what else to call it) which deprived me of both appetite and sleep.

“I do not wonder that St. Paul saw unspeakable things in the ‘Third Heavens,’ for I found them short of that. It really seemed that should God hold me long to this view, I must die of real bliss. My inmost soul breathed the sentiment :

“While Thee All Infinite I see,  
By faith before my ravished eye,  
My weakness bends beneath the weight,  
O’erpowered, I sink, I faint, I die.”

“It never before occurred to me that the Lord could so easily bless one to death. No marvel that he hid Moses in the cleft of the rock when about to make all his goodness pass before him. I felt the need of sleep which it was impossible to obtain under this glorious sense of Divinity. I dared not ask for its removal, lest it

be done to my spiritual injury ; but did venture, after retiring to rest one night, to ask God what it meant, and say to him, if I can be just as good and useful, hold thy hand just enough to allow me a night's sleep? The Spirit answered (not audibly, but clearly) 'You have been too unbelieving. You must learn to live and work by faith, allowing God to judge of the degree of feeling necessary. Have you now feeling enough? Do you know there is a God, who can crush you with a glimpse of His glory?'

"From my deepest heart I said it is enough.

"'Will you,' continued the Spirit, 'ever hereafter mind all God's requirements in every particular, as you now do, if this pressure of glory is withdrawn?' I answered, 'By thy

grace, I will.' That moment the grand panorama of divine wonders was so withdrawn that I slept sweetly. In the morning my mind was strongly drawn towards the scene from which it had been turned for the night. I did not covet a return of the same resistless pressure, but asked only for a *touch* of the same power, which might continue as God saw would be profitable to me as a laborer in His vineyard. The glory appeared as before, only the view was now voluntary. From that period I have seemed to be in God's hands, as an engine in the hands of a skillful engineer, who keeps it always in running order, but steams it to its utmost capacity only as occasion demands.

"Every duty is now discharged without the least hesitation, regardless of

feeling. My faith says, he who gave the command is present to supply the power for its execution. The attempt being immediately made (at times under depression and 'heaviness' of spirits), the power that attends it is often wonderful. God always honors a faith that honors his order by immediate action. Obedient faith is thus strengthened at every step, and 'by works is faith made perfect.' The faith of many is crippled and often killed out for want of exercise. 'For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works' (which are its appropriate action or exercise) is dead also.'

"I wonder at the condescension that led God to pick up this instrument and put it in order at such expense. He is evidently resolved to save man by man (as an instrument) at any



cost. It is equally clear that he will not work with dull tools. If out of order, he will insist on their being ground up, and, if necessary, melted and recast ; and where consent cannot be gained to such ordeal, they will be thrown aside. How I rejoice that God only threw me aside for a few hours, until my heart yielded to this fitting-up process. These are my happiest days. This is *high life* in earnest.

“Amid these new revelations I find plenty of new texts, new sermons and new illustrations. Indeed, ‘All things have become new.’ Amid the saddest scenes of life, I find joy unspeakable in Christ, and often praise him for trials under which I bend only to gather gems that might otherwise be overlooked.

“On entering this new spiritual realm, I hardly knew just how to be-

have. So many new and impressive thoughts and ideas crowded my mind, that I scarcely knew how to store them. Everything about me seemed to blaze with divinity; so that I needed a pulpit constantly, from which to pour forth upon others the burning, breathing thoughts that moved my own soul.

“Often did I spring from my bed and strike a light for the purpose of committing to paper new trains of thought, lest they should escape my recollection. But in vain was the attempt to make my pen keep pace with the grand panorama. ‘The windows of Heaven were opened, and a blessing poured out that there was not room to receive.’

“Amid my efforts to gather this superabundance of spiritual fruit, the Spirit suggested, that being now a citizen

of this land of plenty, I had only to retain my citizenship to find fresh and constant supplies, without so much pains to hoard them.

“Surely a minister of Christ, living in this ‘land of wine and corn, and oil’ favored with God’s peculiar smile, must always have something new and impressive for his congregations.

“Many seem to think all the glories of Christ’s kingdom lie beyond the death stream. How mistaken!

“The New Jerusalem is a great city, extending its borders far over on this side Jordan. The real saint goes to heaven in an important sense, before he dies. He does not reach the interior, but enters the suburbs and becomes a citizen. ‘Ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire. \* \* \* But ye *are* come unto Mount Zion and

unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn which are written in heaven.' Heb. xii. 22: Here I live, and seem every day to be discovering new glories as my soul draws nearer the grand centre." Soon after reaching this glorious state, he visited Salisbury, Conn., for the purpose of a little relaxation from his incessant toil. He found a protracted meeting in progress. On entering the church it was insisted that he should preach, which he declined, saying, "I am here to rest." The pastor exhorted brethren to pray, saying, you will doubtless soon hear from the visiting minister. Watching the movement of the meeting his heart soon became burdened for the work, discovering that as yet

but little had been done for want of spiritual power, and he gave them a brief talk which seemed to take deep root in the hearts of the people. The pastor was much moved, and subsequently expressed astonishment at the correctness of the portrait drawn by the stranger of a work of which he could have had no previous knowledge.

"I believe," said he to the congregation, "God sent this brother to aid us in this crisis, and having done all in my power to promote the work the meeting will henceforth be managed by the man to whom you have just listened."

The visiting minister expressed surprise at the announcement, but soon found the work so much upon his heart that he dare not decline. Backsliders in the church, among other

sinners, were invited to the altar to seek pardon, and the clearly justified as seekers of complete purity. Among them were a number of the most talented church officials. These mingled their tears and shouts of victory around the same altar. The pastor and his wife were among the seekers of purity, and soon received a new baptism of the Spirit. Such was the Bible type of the work, that a mother (Smith), who knew something of Methodism, as it *was*, praised God aloud in the public congregation "for one more Methodist meeting in Salisbury."

His journal must express his feelings under this outpouring of the Spirit: "I never felt so small as now. I seem whittled clear down to nothing. God gives me the hearts of the people in a wonderful degree. All my utterances are in great simplicity, and yet they

seem to have unusual weight. It surely must be God in them that gives such efficiency. *I* do nothing but stand up as a willing instrument in his hands, and wonder to see him accomplish such a work by such an insignificant tool. All success now humbles me. When I saw the talented pastor and wife at the altar for prayer, it seemed to me as if I must—if possible—drop out of sight through some opening in the floor. To God be *all* the glory.”

When he left for home, the pastor was so baptized as to be ready to take the helm, and the work continued until over a hundred converts were reported.

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—C. Wesley.



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